

...Sacred Hymns
and Tunes.

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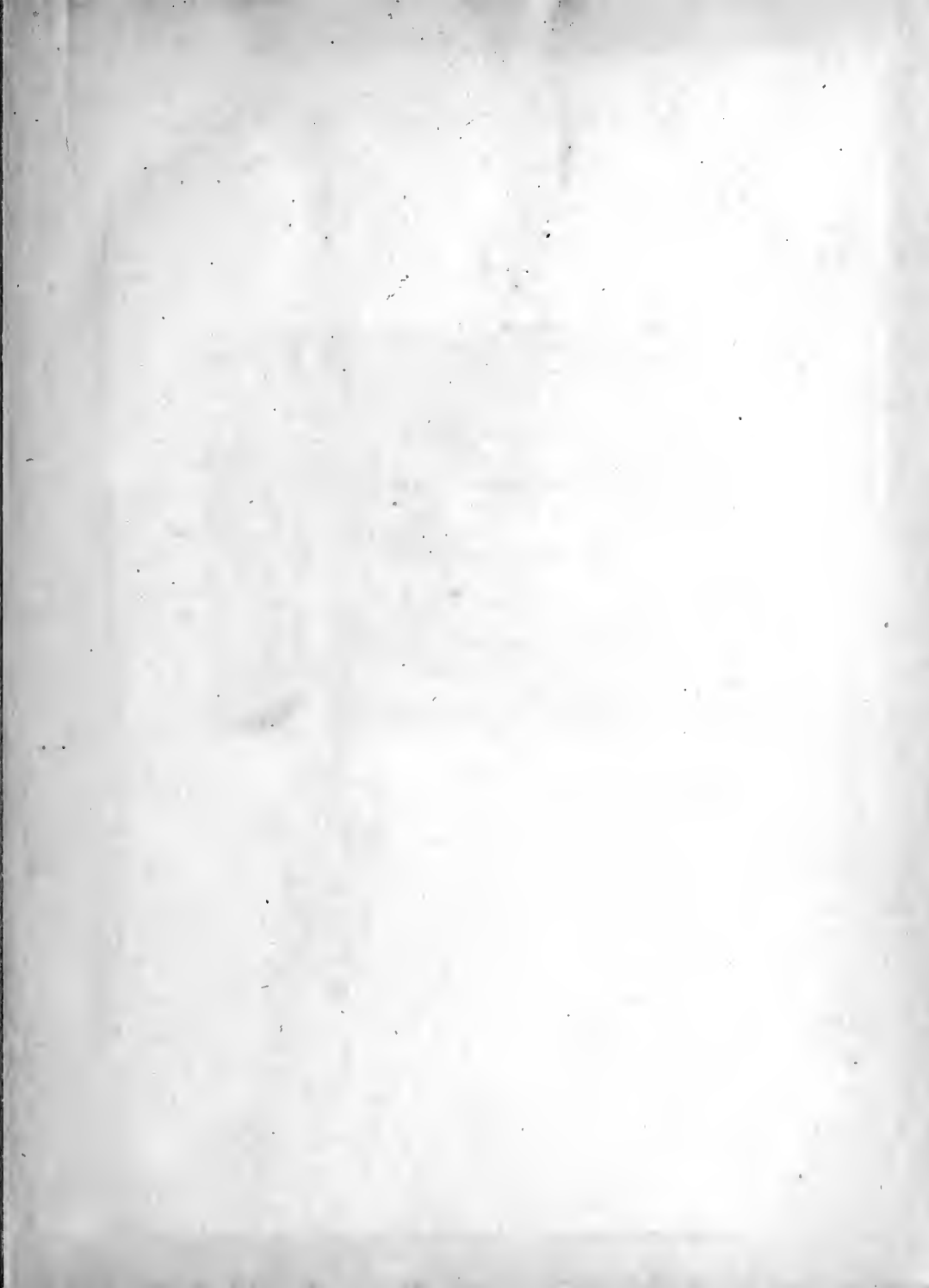
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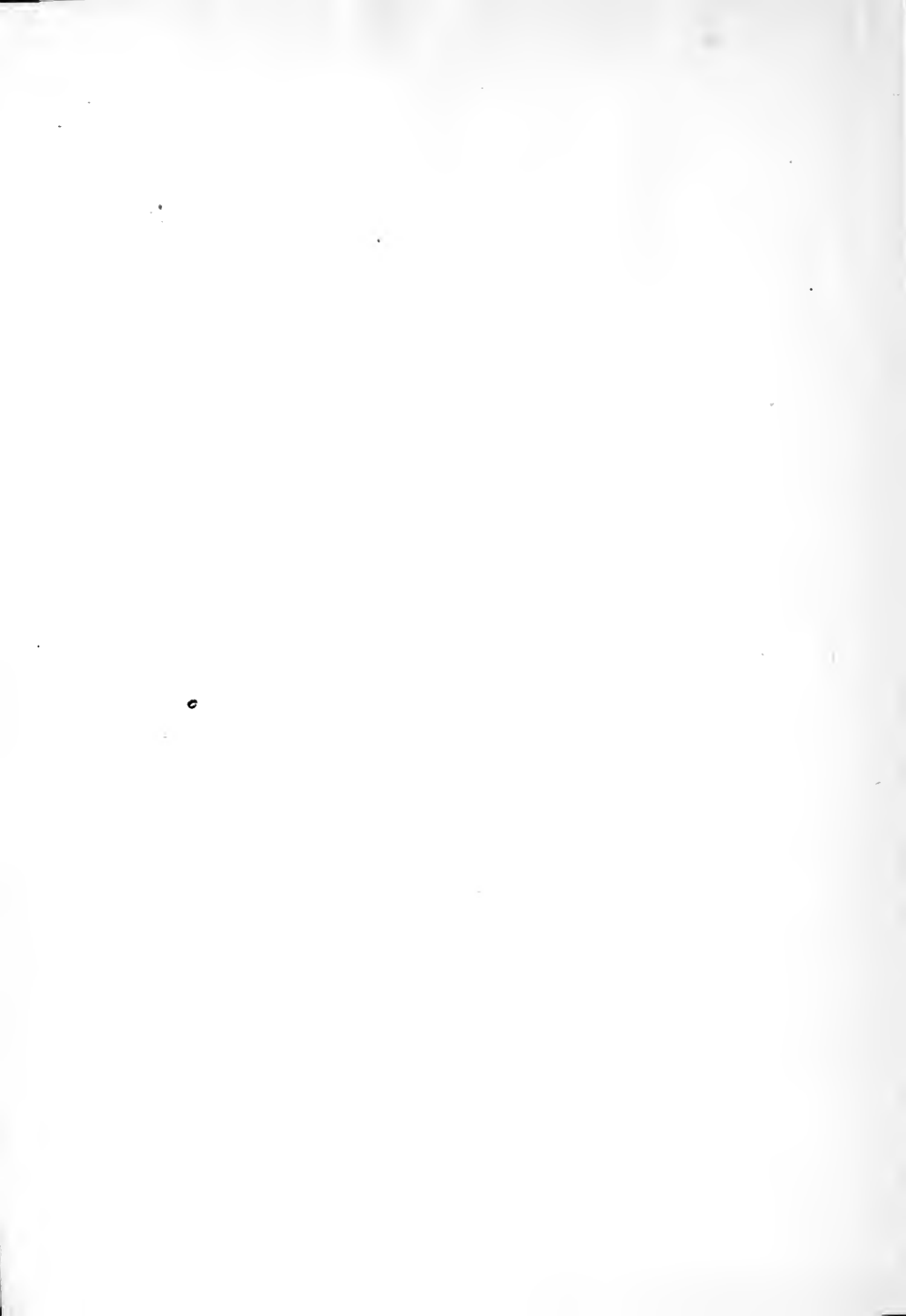
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SACRED HYMNS



AND TUNES

DESIGNED TO BE USED BY THE

✓✓
Wesleyan Methodist Connection

(OR CHURCH) OF AMERICA.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
A. W. HALL, Agent.
1902.

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PREFACE.

The General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection (or Church) of America, held in Fairmount, Indiana, in October, 1895, ordered the compilation and publication of a new Hymnal with Tunes, and created a committee unto whom the work of compilation was entrusted, as follows: A. T. Jennings, A. W. Hall, Clara Tear Williams, N. Wardner, S. A. Manwell, E. W. Bruce, G. G. Rich, H. Ackers, and W. S. Schenck. The result of the labors of this committee is contained in the pages which follow, and is submitted to the Church in hope that all of God's children who use this book may sing with the spirit and with the understanding also.

The tunes have been chosen with a view to their use by the entire congregation of worshipers wherever the book is used. The hymns are all of them good; not one has been selected for any reason but its excellence; and the number and variety are believed to be sufficient to afford every true worshiper of God a choice medium for the utterance of every religious sentiment which may spring from the deep fountains of the inner life. We believe that the doctrines of the Bible, and particularly the doctrine of Christian holiness, are clearly and amply taught, as they should be in the hymnology of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

COMMITTEE.

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SACRED HYMNS AND TUNES.

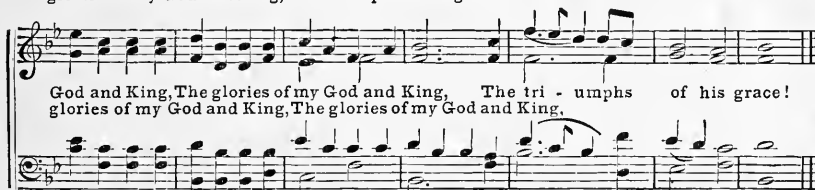
1

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.
The glories of, The



The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace !



God and King, The glories of my God and King,

Exultant praise to the Redeemer.

1. O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of canceled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5. He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6. Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley.

2

The glories of our King.

1. COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2. Behold your Lord, your Master,
With glories all divine; [crowned
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3. When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4. And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Anne Steele

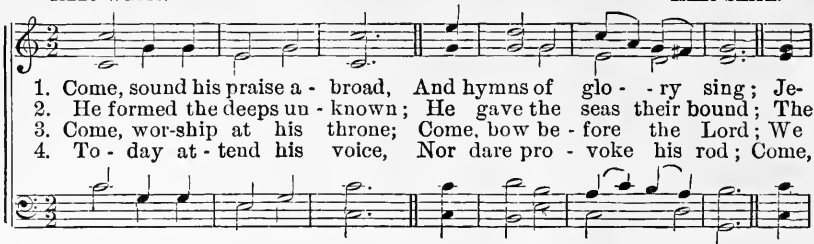
WORSHIP.

3

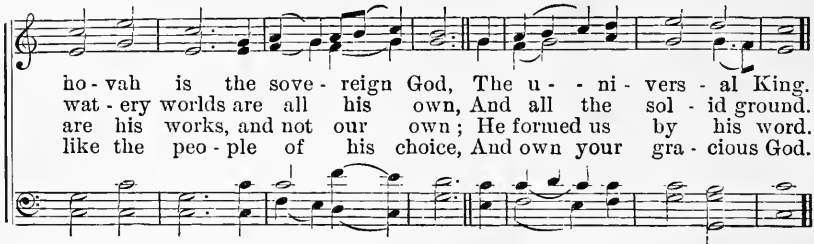
SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC SMITH.



1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -
 2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound; The
 3. Come, wor - ship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
 4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come,



no - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - - ni - vers - al King.
 wat - ery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.
 are his works, and not our own; He formed us by his word.
 like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

4

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake, every heart and every tongue
 To praise the Savior's name.
2. Sing of his dying love;
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, the eternal King.
4. Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 To our eternal home.
5. There shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, alt.

5

Met in his name.

1. JESUS, we look to Thee,
 Thy promised presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name.
2. Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.
3. We meet the grace to take,
 Which thou hast freely given;
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.
4. Present we know Thou art,
 But O, thyself reveal!
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart,
 The mighty comfort feel.
5. O may thy quick'ning voice
 The death of sin remove;
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
 In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

WORSHIP.

6

Praise and thanksgiving.

1. STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. O, for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
3. God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
4. Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

7

Creating love and redeeming grace.

1. FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.
2. Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.
3. Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For thy redeeming grace.
4. The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

8

Glory begun below.

1. COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley.

9

The sacrifice of praise.

1. WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
2. Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow
And hymns of praise we sing.
3. While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
4. Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

10

The tender mercy of the Lord.

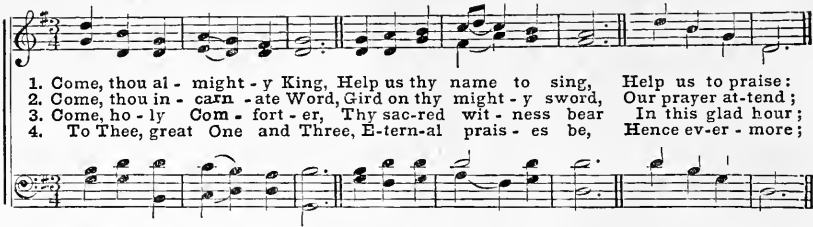
1. O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.
2. The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
3. He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
4. Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul!

Isaac Watts, alt.

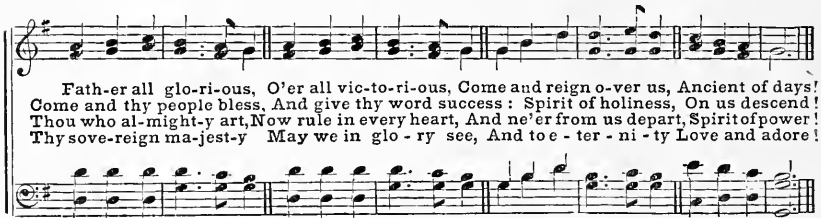
WORSHIP.

11 ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4. CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
2. Come, thou in - carn - ate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword, Our prayer at - tend;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sac - red wit - ness bear In this glad hour;
4. To Thee, great One and Three, E - tern - al prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more;



Fath - er all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days!
Come and thy people bless, And give thy word success: Spirit of holiness, On us descend!
Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!
Thy sove - reign ma - jest - y May we in glo - ry see, And toe - ter - ni - ty Love and adore!

12 *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

1. Father of heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days;
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible,
Thee, the Invisible,
Laud we and praise.
2. Christ the eternal Word,
Christ the incarnate Lord,
Savior of all;
High throned above all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, Infinite,
On Thee we call.
3. O God, the Holy Ghost,
Whose fires of Pentecost
Burn evermore;
In this far wilderness
Leave us not comfortless:
Thee we love, Thee we bless,
Thee we adore.
4. Strike your harps, heavenly powers;
With your glad chant shall ours
Trembling ascend;
All praise, O God, to Thee,
Three in One, One in Three,

Praise everlastingly,
World without end.

E. H. Bickersteth.

13 *Glory to God.*

1. Glory to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name!
Angels his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
2. All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name!
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!
3. To Him our hearts we raise,
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name!
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,
Worthy the Lamb!

James Allen.

WORSHIP.

14

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;
 2. E-ter-nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth at-tends thy word;
 3. Your loft-y themes ye mortals, bring; In songs of praise di-vine-ly sing;
 4. In ev-ery land be-gin the song; To ev-ery land the strains belong:

Let the Re-deemer's name besung, Through every land by ev-ery tongue.
 Thy praises shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal-va-tion loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Sav-ior's name.
 In cheer-ful sounds all voic-es raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise

15

Reverential adoration.

- BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling year shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley.

16

Invitation to worship.

- ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.
- The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:

Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

William Kethe.

17

The assembly of the saints.

- How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee?
- Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

18

TRURO. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

CHARLES BURNBY.

1. Je-sus, thou ev-er-last-ing King, Ac-cept the trib-ute which we bring ;
2. Let ev-ry act of worship be Like our es-pous-als, Lord, to Thee ;
3. The gladness of that happy day, O may it ev-er, ev-er stay !
4. Let ev-ery mo-ment, as it flies, In-crease thy praise, im-prove our joys,

Ac-cept thy well de-served re-nown, And wear our prais-es as thy crown.
Like the blest hour, when from a-bove We first re-ceived the pledge of love.
Nor let our faith for-sake its hold, Nor hope de-cline, nor love grow cold.
Till we are raised to sing Thy name, At the great sup-per of the Lamb.

19

Trembling aspiration.

1. O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2. We come, great God, to seek Thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait ;
And O how dreadful is this place !
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3. Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh ;
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire ;
And lo ! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4. Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all thy house with glory fill ;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5. There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

20

Solemn adoration.

1. ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds !

2. Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3. Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4. Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame
And worms have learned to liep thy name :
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

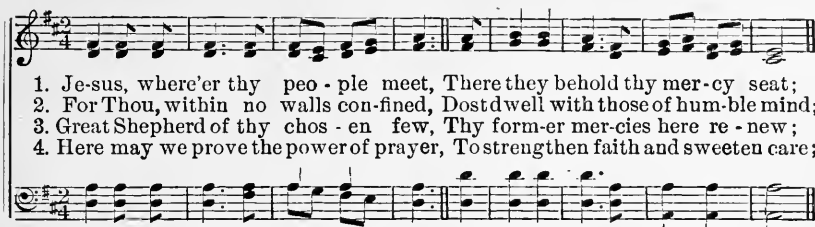
5. God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes ; our words be few :
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

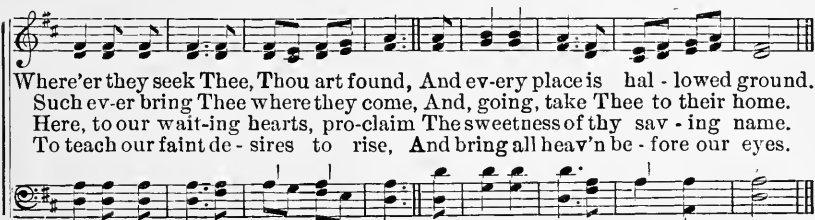
WORSHIP.

21 MALVERN. L. M. WILLIAM COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Je-sus, where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they behold thy mer-cy seat;
2. For Thou, within no walls con-fined, Dost dwell with those of hum-ble mind;
3. Great Shepherd of thy chos - en few, Thy form-er mer-cies here re - new;
4. Here may we prove the power of prayer, To strengthen faith and sweeten care;



- Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-ery place is hal - lowed ground.
Such ev-er bring Thee where they come, And, going, take Thee to their home.
Here, to our wait-ing hearts, pro-claim The sweetness of thy sav - ing name.
To teach our faint de - sires to rise, And bring all heav'n be - fore our eyes.

22 *Thou art my God.*

1. O GOD! Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2. Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
Thine hand, unseen, upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod

3. Better than life itself thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

4. Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

James Montgomery.

23 *The forty-sixth Psalm.*

1. GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;

Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5. That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

24 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, alt.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Heaven-ly Fa - ther, sovereign Lord, Be thy glo - rious name a - dored!
 2. Though un - worth - y of thine ear, Deign our hum - ble songs to hear;
 3. While on earth or - dained to stay, Guide our foot - steps in thy way,
 4. Then, with an - gel - harps a - gain, We will wake a nob - ler strain;

Lord, thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial Goodness, hail!
 Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a - round thy throne we sing.
 Till we come to dwell with Thee, Till we all thy glo - ry see.
 There, in joy - ful songs of praise, Our tri - umph - ant voic - es raise.

25

Praise and prayer.

1. GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky!
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
2. Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
 Thee, we now presume to sing;
 Thee, with thankful hearts we prove,
 God of power, and God of love.
3. Christ, our Lord and God, we own,
 Christ, the Father's only Son;
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Savior of offending man.
4. Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear the world's atonement, Thou!
 Jesus, in thy name we pray,
 Take, O take our sins away.

Charles Wesley.

26

Saints and angels praising God.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake and it was done.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of peace was born.

Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.

3. Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
4. Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then amid eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ

James Montgomery.

27

Concluding prayer and thanksgiving.

1. Now may He who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
 All our souls in safety keep.
2. May He teach us to fulfill
 What is pleasing in his sight;
 Make us perfect in his will,
 And preserve us day and night.
3. To that great Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton.

WORSHIP.

28 ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

1. Je - sus, Thou all re - deem - ing Lord, Thy bless - ing we im - plore;
 2. Gath - er the out - casts in, and save From sin and Sa - tan's power;
 3. Lov - er of souls! Thou know'st to prize What Thou hast bought so dear;
 4. The hard - ness of our hearts re - move, Thou who for all hast died;
 5. Ready thou art the blood to ap - ply, And prove the re - cord true;

O - pen the door to preach thy word, The great, ef - fect - ual door.
 And let them now ac - cept - ance have, And know their gracious hour.
 Come, then, and in thy peo - ple's eyes, With all thy wounds ap - pear.
 Show us the to - kens of thy love, Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
 And all thy wounds to sin - ners cry, "I suf - fer'd this for you!"

29

The heavenly Guest.

1. COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Savior praise:
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.
2. He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.
3. Through grace we hearken to thy
Yield to be saved from sin; [voice,
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.
4. Come quickly in, thou heav'nly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

30

Blessing on worshipers.

1. ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.
2. Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
3. May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
4. To seek Thee all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

WORSHIP.

31 GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling, We, thy people, now draw near: Teach us to rejoice with trem-
[bling;

Speak, and let thy servants hear: Hear with meekness, Hear thy word with god-ly fear.
Hear with meekness,

Opening Hymn.

2. While our days on earth are lengthen-
May we give them, Lord, to Thee; [ed
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened
May we run, nor weary be,
||: Till thy glory: ||
Without cloud in heaven we see.
3. There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
||: Full enjoyment, ||
Full and pure, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

32

Closing Hymn.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
||: O refresh us, ||
Traveling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
||: May thy presence: ||
With us evermore be found.
3. So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
||: May we ever: ||
Reign with Christ in endless day.
Walter Shirley.

33

Crown the Savior.

1. LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
2. Crown the Savior, angels crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him.
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Savior King of kings.
3. Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly.

WORSHIP.

34

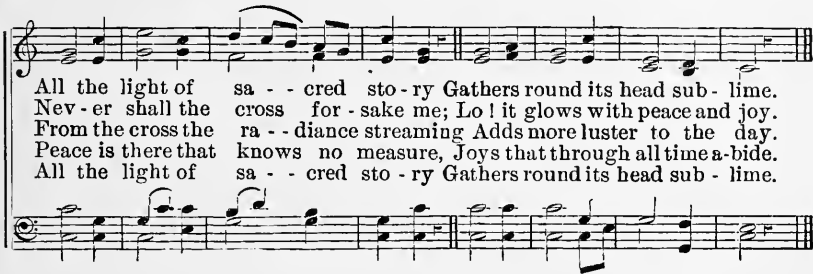
RATHBUN. 8, 7.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - - on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
 5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;



All the light of sa - - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - - diance streaming Adds more luster to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a-bide.
 All the light of sa - - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub - lime.

35

Isaiah's vision.

1. ROUND the Lord, in glory seated,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled his temple and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn:
2. "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord."
3. Heaven is still with glory ringing;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, Lord God most high."
4. With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:
5. "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Richard Mant.

36

Glory to the Lamb.

1. HARK! the notes of angels singing,
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Savior's name.
2. Ye for whom his life was given,
 Sacred themes to you belong;
 Come, assist the choir of heaven,
 Join the everlasting song.
3. See! the angelic hosts have crowned
 Jesus fills the throne on high; [him,
 Countless myriads hov'ring round him,
 With his praises rend the sky.
4. Filled with holy emulation,
 Let us vie with those above;
 Sweet the theme, a free salvation,
 Fruit of everlasting love.
5. Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name;
 Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
 Be forever to the Lamb.

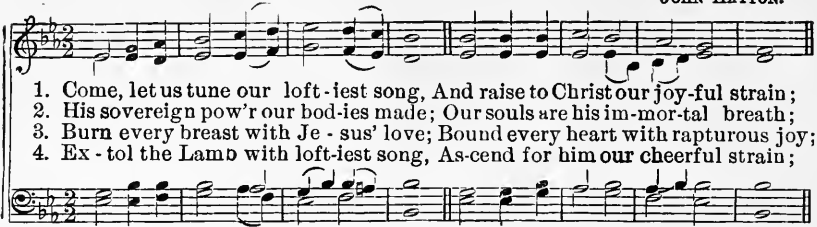
Thomas Kelly.

WORSHIP.

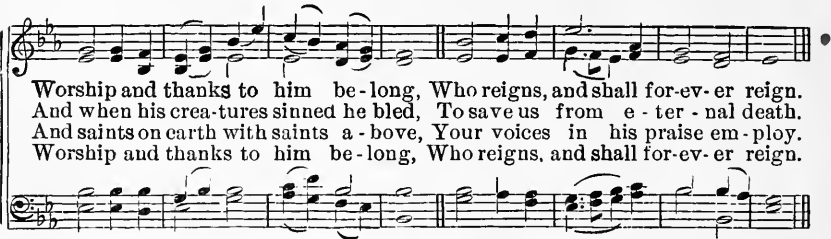
37

DUKE STREET. L. M.
ROBERT A. WEST

JOHN HATTON.



1. Come, let us tune our loft-iest song, And raise to Christ our joy-ful strain;
2. His sovereign pow'r our bod-ies made; Our souls are his im-mor-tal breath;
3. Burn every breast with Je-sus' love; Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
4. Ex-tol the Lamb with loft-iest song, As-cend for him our cheerful strain;



Worship and thanks to him be-long, Who reigns, and shall for-ev-er reign.
And when his crea-tures sinned he bled, To save us from e-ter-nal death.
And saints on earth with saints a-bove, Your voices in his praise em-ploy.
Worship and thanks to him be-long, Who reigns, and shall for-ev-er reign.

38

The praises of Jehovah.

1. SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age for evermore.
2. Blest be that name, supremely blest
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
3. Who is like God so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
4. He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.
5. O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

39

Joy of public worship.

1. GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
3. God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes' within.
4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
5. O God, our King, whose sov'reigns way
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

40

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

WILLIAM CALDWELL.

1. Thy lov-ing-kind-ness, Lord, I sing, Of grace and life the sac-red spring;
 2. I to thy mer-cy seat re-pair, And find thy lov-ing kind-ness there;
 3. Each evening from the world apart, Thy lov-ing-kind-ness cheers my heart;
 4. Lord, from the moment of my birth, I've nothing known but love on earth;
 5. From dai-ly sin and dai-ly woe, Thy lov-ing-kind-ness saves me now;

In blood o'er-flow-ing rich and free, In lov-ing-kind-ness shed for me.
 And when to thy sweet word I go, Thy lov-ing-kind-ness there I know.
 And when the day sa-lutes my eyes, Thy lov-ing-kind-ness doth a-rise.
 By day by night, where'er I be, Thy lov-ing-kind-ness follows me.
 And I will praise for sins forgiv'n, Thy lov-ing-kind-ness all in heav'n.

In loving-kindness, loving-kindness, In loving-kindness shed for me.
 Thy loving-kindness, loving-kindness, Thy loving-kindness there I know.
 Thy loving-kindness, loving-kindness, Thy loving-kindness doth a-rise.
 Thy loving-kindness, loving-kindness, Thy loving-kindness follows me.
 Thy loving-kindness, loving-kindness, Thy loving-kindness, all in heav'n.

41

His loving-kindness.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free!
2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
And saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness is so great!
3. Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong!
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!

5. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
6. So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
7. When conquered death shall yield its prey,
When Christ shall call us hence away;
Then shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

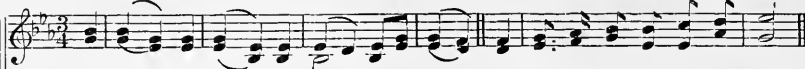
Samuel Medley.

WORSHIP.

42

ARIEL. C. P. M.
SAMUEL MEDLEY.


Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well the de - light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home



Which in my Savior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-per-fect
Ex-alted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ever-
And I shall see his face; Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-



while he sings In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
last - ing days Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in his grace, Tri-umph-ant in his grace.

43

The glory of his grace.

1. LET all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

2. He framed the globe, he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,

And reigns in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling-place, how fair!

3. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP.

44

[C. M. Northfield. Hymn 1.]
Confession, prayer and praise.

1. LORD, when we bend before thy
And our confessions pour, [throne,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
2. Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace into each heart.
3. When we disclose our wants in
May we our wills resign; [prayer,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.
4. And when, with heart and voice we
Our grateful hymns to raise, [strive
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

Joseph D. Carlyle.

45

[C. M. Tune, Arlington. Hymn 28.]
Invoking divine blessings.

1. WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.
2. As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.
3. Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.
4. Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

Unknown.

46

[L. M. Tune, Duke Street. Hymn 37.]
The Lord our righteousness.

1. LET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
2. The rush of num'rous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?

3. One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
4. The Lord my Righteousness I praise;
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of
In Christ to endless ages mine. [grace
Charles Wesley.

47

[L. M. Truro. Hymn 18.]
Romans 6: 13.

1. Oh, touch my eyes that I may see
In cloudless rapture thy dear face;
And in that calm serenity,
With patience run my glorious race.
2. Oh, loose my tongue that I may tell
With burning words, to sinners lost,
That thou didst come to seek and save,
To purchase them at such a cost.
3. Unstop my ears that I may hear
The softest whisper of thy love,
To draw my heart from earthly things,
And fix it on thyself above.
4. Release my feet that I may run
The way of holiness divine;
Held by thy hand I cannot fall,
Filled with thy life I'll brightly shine.
W. Spencer Walton.

48

[L. M. Tune, Malvern. Hymn 21.]
For Zion's peace.

1. O THOU, our Savior, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.
2. Regard our prayers for Zion's peace,
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.
3. Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfill.
4. Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.
5. Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
Thy blood shall wash us white as
Present us sanctified to God, [snow;
And perfected in love below.
Charles Wesley.

THE LORD'S DAY.

49

LISBON. S. M.
ISAAC WATTS.

DANIEL READ.

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ;
2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day ;
3. One day in such a place, Where Thou, my God, art seen,
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes !
Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
Is sweet - er than ten thousand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.
And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

50

Gladness in the house of prayer.

1. GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companion say,
"Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day."
2. Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet;
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.
3. Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
Lord, send thy blessing down to them
That love the dear abode.
4. Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found ;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !
5. For friends and brethren dear
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here
God send his people peace !

James Montgomery.

51

Day of light, rest, peace, prayer.

1. THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Day spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
2. This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy fresh'ning dew.
3. This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
4. This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.
5. This is the first of days :
Send forth thy quick'ning breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

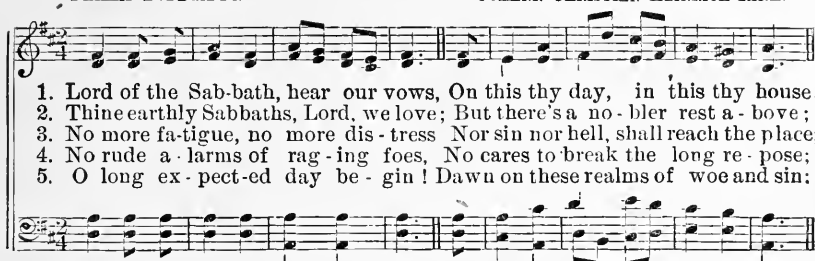
John Ellerton.

THE LORD'S DAY.

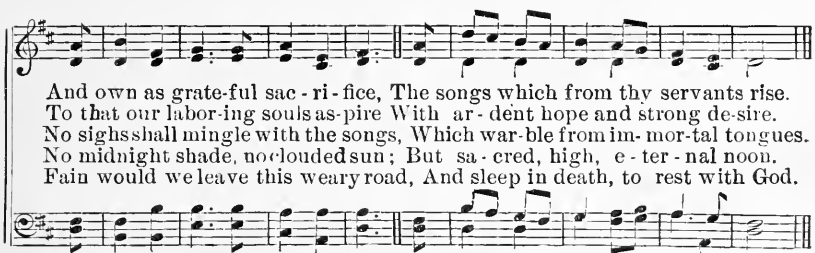
52

OVERBURG. L. M.
PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

JOHANN CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK.



1. Lord of the Sab-bath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thy house;
2. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no-bler rest a-bove;
3. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress Nor sin nor hell, shall reach the place;
4. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes, No cares to break the long re- pose;
5. O long ex-pect-ed day be-gin! Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;



And own as grate-ful sac-ri-fice, The songs which from thy servants rise.
To that our labor-ing souls as-pire With ar-dent hope and strong de-sire.
No sighs shall mingle with the songs, Which war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
No midnight shade, no clouded sun; But sa-cred, high, e-ter-nal noon.
Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death, to rest with God.

53

Pledge of glorious rest.

1. RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest;
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.
2. O, that our thoughts and thanks may
As grateful incense to the skies, [rise,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!
3. This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
4. In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.

54

Sabbath evening: Thy kingdom come.

1. MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed:
Their faces Zionward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.
2. But Thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the spirit worshiped Thee.
3. People of many a tribe and tongue,
Of various languages and lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.
4. And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.
5. Yet one prayer more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth ac-
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son: [cord;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

James Montgomery.

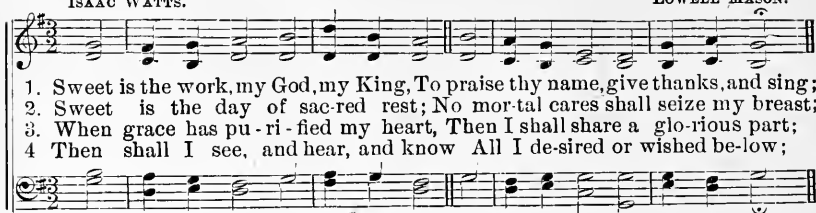
THE LORD'S DAY.

55

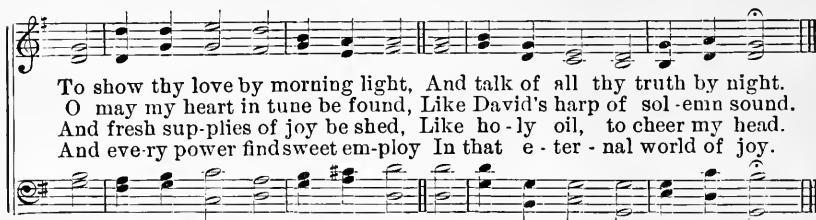
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
3. When grace has pu-ri-fied my heart, Then I shall share a glo-rious part;
4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I de-sired or wished be-low;



To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol-enn sound.
And fresh sup-plies of joy be shed, Like ho-ly oil, to cheer my head.
And ever-y power findsweet em-ploy In that e-ter-nal world of joy.

56

Hailing the Sabbath's return.

1. My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to Thee,
While thus my earthly vows I pay.
2. I yield my heart to Thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3. O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire, [day.
One sinful thought through all the
4. Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing;
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

James Hutton.

57

Sabbath evening rest.

1. SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
2. The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below:
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3. Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4. Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston.

58

Undisturbed devotion.

1. FAR from my thoughts, vain world,
Let my religious hours alone; [be gone!
Fain would mine eyes my Savior see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2. O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3. Blest Savior, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In Thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

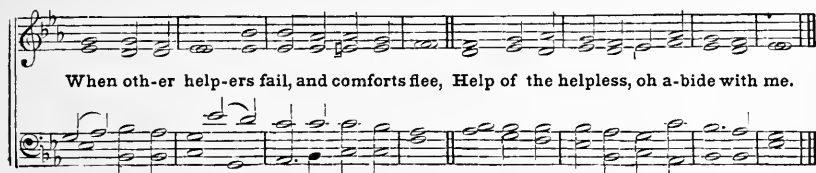
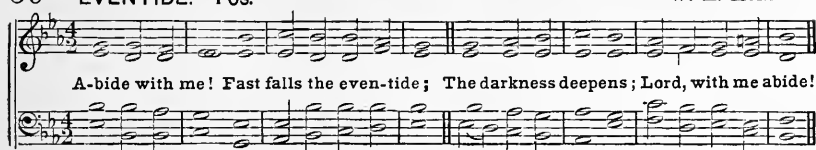
Isaac Watts.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

59

EVENTIDE. 10s.

W. H. MONK.



"Abide with us; for the day is far spent." Luke xxiv: 29.

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
3. Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!
4. I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!
5. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
6. Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

60

WARWICK. C. M.
ISAAC WATTS.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand ;
4. Now to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there ;
5. O may thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right - ous - ness ;

To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.
Pre - sent - ing at the Fa - ther's throne, Our songs and our com - plaints.
Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
I will fre - quent thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.
Make eve - ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face.

61

Renewed consecration.

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound ;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.
4. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night

Isaac Watts.

62

The Christian home.

1. HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast ;
When one their wish, and one their
And one their heavenly rest. [prayer,
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear ;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3. Happy the home where prayer is
And praise is wont to rise ; [heard,
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.
4. Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain ;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

Unknown.

63

Angelic guardianship.

1. ALL praise to him who dwells in
Who made both day and night ; [bliss,
Whose throne is in the vast abyss
Of uncreated light
2. Each thought and deed his piercing
With strictest search survey ; [eyes
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.
3. Whom Thou dost guard, O King of
No evil shall molest : [kings,
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.
4. Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep :
Thy faith and truth shall shield their
For Thou dost never sleep [heads.

Charles Wesley.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

64 HURSLEY. L. M.
JOHN KEEBLE.

PETER RITTER. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine Have spurned, to-day, the voice di-vine,
5. Watch by the sick; en-rich the poor With blessings from thy boundless store;
6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take,

- O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
Be eve-ry mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slum-bers, pure and light.
Till, in the o-cean of thy love, We lose our-selves in heaven a-bove.

65 *Morning hymn.*

1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3. All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

4. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with thyself my spirit fill. [will,

5. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;

That all my powers, with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

66 *Morning and evening mercies.*

1. My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

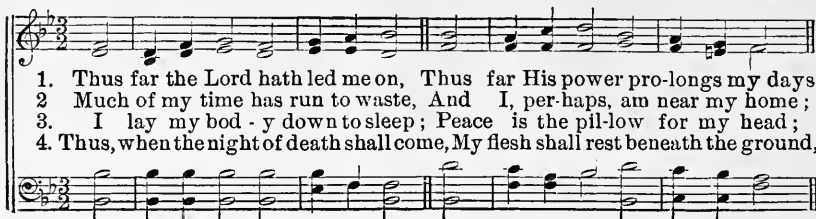
MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

67

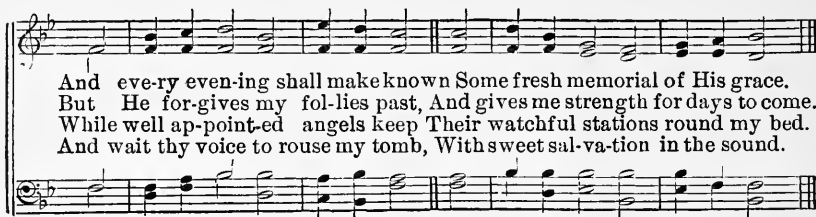
HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far His power pro-longs my days
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home ;
 3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep ; Peace is the pil-low for my head ;
 4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,



And eve-ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.
 But He for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well ap-point-ed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound.

68

Lift up our hearts to Thee.

1. O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
 For us around thy throne of grace,
 We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
 And draw them with the cords of love.

2. Source of all good, Thou, gracious
 Art our exceeding great reward ; [Lord,
 How transient is our present pain,
 How boundless our eternal gain !

3. With open face and joyful heart,
 We then shall see Thee as Thou art ;
 Our love shall never cease to glow.
 Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4. Thy never-failing grace to prove,
 A surety of thine endless love ;
 Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be
 The raiser of our souls to Thee.

Santolus Victorinus, Tr. by J. Chandler.

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4. O let my soul on Thee repose.
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep, which shall me more vigorous
 To serve my God, when I awake. [make,

5. Lord, let my soul forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care :
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, and sing thy love.

Thomas Ken.

69

Evening Hymn.

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

70

KENTUCKY. S. M.

JOHN WESLEY.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. We lift our hearts to Thee, O Day - star from on high !
 2. O let thy ris - ing beams The night of sin dis - perse.—
 3. How beau - teous na - ture now ! How dark and sad be - fore !
 4. O may no gloom - y crime Pol - lute the ris - ing day ;
 5. May we this life im - prove, To mourn for er - rors past .

The sun it - self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.
 The mists of er - ror and of vice Which shade the u - ni - verse.
 With joy we view the pleas - ing change, And na - ture's God a - dore.
 Or Je - sus' blood, like eve - ning dew, Wash all the stains a - way.
 And live this short, re - volv - ing day As if it were our last.

71

Evening meditation.

1. THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
4. And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

John Lelano.

72

[Tune, Pleyel's Hymn, 7. Hymn 24.]

Communion with God.

1. SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

George W. Doane.

73

[Tune Wellesley, 8, 7, Hymn 83.]

Trust in God's care.

1. SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
3. Tho the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb, [us,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

GOD—HIS GLORY.

74

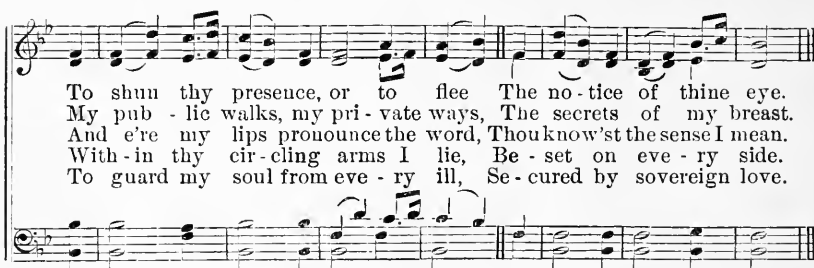
BEMERTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATORCX.



1. Lord, all I am is known to Thee; In vain my soul would try
2. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest,
3. My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord, Before they're formed with-in;
4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high! Where can a creature hide?
5. So let thy grace surround me still, And like a bulwark prove,



To shun thy presence, or to flee The notice of thine eye.
My public walks, my private ways, The secrets of my breast.
And ere my lips pronounce the word, Thou know'st the sense I mean.
With-in thy circling arms I lie, Be-set on every side.
To guard my soul from every ill, Secured by sovereign love.

75

We praise thee.

1. O, God, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
2. To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:
3. "O, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway."
4. The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
5. The holy Church throughout the
O, Lord, confesses Thee, [world,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Nahum Tate.

76

The Trinity.

1. HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three;
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to Thee.
2. Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.
3. In wisdom infinite Thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to Thee.
4. Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have
Thy goodness we rehearse, [made,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout the universe.
5. Wherefore let every creature give
To Thee the praise designed;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

GOD—HIS GLORY.

77

LUTON. L. M.
THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

REV. GEORGE BURDER.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre-a - tor's praise :
2. Enthroned a-mid the radiant spheres, He glo-ry like a gar-ment wears ;
3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Om - nip-o - tence with wis-dom shines ;
4. Raised on de-vo-tion's lof-ty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing ;

But O what tongue can speak his fame? What mor-tal verse can reach the theme?
To form a robe of light di-vine. Ten thousand suns a-round him shine.
His works, through all this wondrous frame, Declare the glo-ry of his name.
And let his praise em-ploy thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song.

78

Incomprehensible glory.

1. God is the name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One :
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.
2. Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine ;
But nothing like thyself appears [thine.
Through all these spacious works of
3. A glance of Thine runs through the globe
Rules the bright worlds and moves their frame ;
Of light Thou form'st thy dazzling robe ;
Thy ministers are living flame.
4. How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.
5. Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

Isaac Watts.

79

From everlasting to everlasting.

1. ERE mountains reared their forms sublime
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting Thou art God.
2. A thousand ages, in their flight,
With Thee are as a fleeting day ;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.
3. But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.
4. To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with Thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

Harriet Auber.

GOD—HIS GLORY.

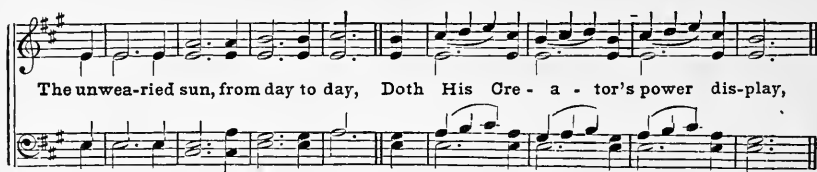
80

CREATION. L. M. D.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



{ The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky,
{ And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim; }



The unwearied sun, from day to day, Doth His Creator's power display,



And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand.

The heavens declare His glory.

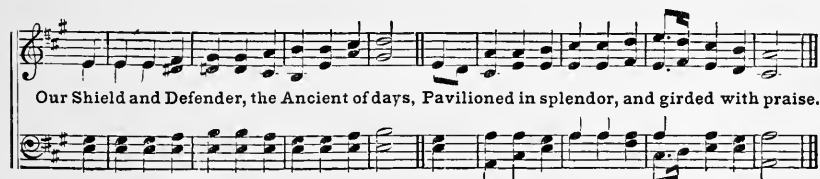
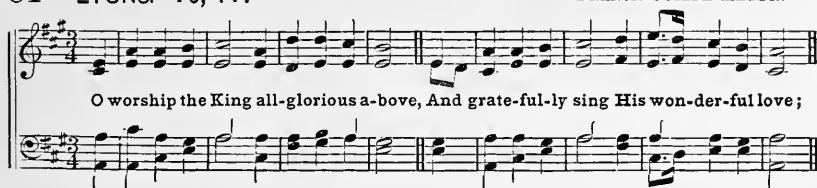
1. THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
The unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison

GOD—HIS GLORY.

81 LYONS. 10, 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



Worshipping the King.

1. O WORSHIP the King all-glorious
above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.
2. O tell of his might, and sing of his
grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can
recite?
It breathes in the air it shines in the
light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to
the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the
rain.
4. Frail children of dust, as feeble as
frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to
fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to
the end!

Our Maker Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend.

Sir Robert Grant.

82 [Tune Creation, L. M. D. Hymn 80.]
Jehovah's Sovereignty.

1. FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdst all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fill'st every mouth with good.
2. In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in
light,
Nature's expanse before Thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid;
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine,
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail Thee sovereign Lord of all.
3. Blessing and honor praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to Thee.
Let all who owe to Thee their birth,
In praises every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars for joy.

John Wesley.

GOD—HIS GLORY.

83

WELLESLEY. 8, 7.
FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea :
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good ;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the meas-ure of man's mind ;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word ;

There's a kind-ness in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Savior ; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

84

Unchanging wisdom and love.

1. GOD is love ; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2. Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom His brightness stream-
God is wisdom, God is love. [eth.

4. He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above ;
Every where His glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bourring.

85

Praise the Lord.

1. PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height ;

Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3. Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4. Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kemphorne.

Doxology.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne :

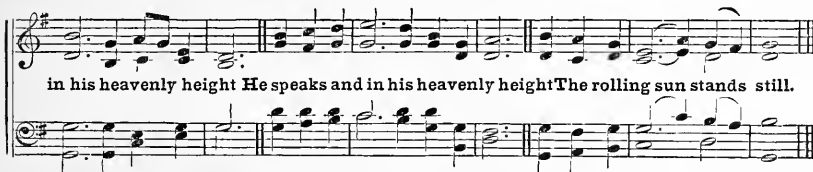
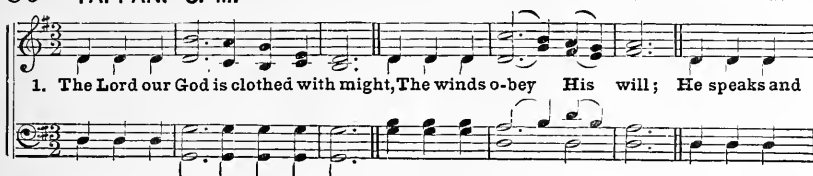
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One !
William Goode.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

86

TAPPAN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



Majesty and providence.

2. Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3. Ye winds of night, your force com-
Without his high behest, [bine;
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4. His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5. Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

H. Kirke White.

87

The twenty-third Psalm.

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not
He makes me down to lie [want;
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2. My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's
Yet will I fear no ill; [dark vale,
For Thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4. A table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head with oil Thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Francis Rous.

88

Goodness and mercy.

1. LET every tongue thy goodness
Thou sovereign Lord of all; [speak,
Thy strengthening hands uphold the
And raise the poor that fall. [weak,

2. When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3. Thou know'st the pains thy servants
Thou hear'st thy children's cry; [feel,
And their best wishes to fulfill
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4. Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5. My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

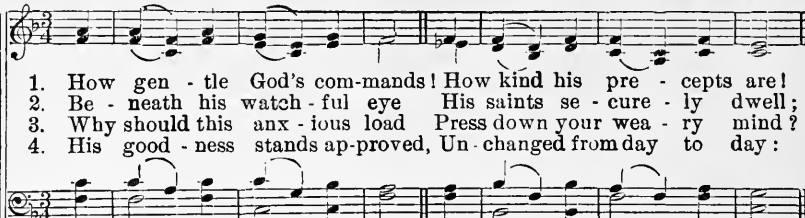
Isaac Watts.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

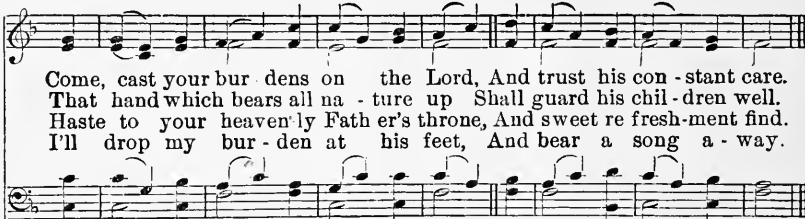
89

DENNIS. S. M.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HANS GEORGE NAGELL.



1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap-proved, Un - changed from day to day:



Come, cast your bur dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav - enly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re fresh-ment find.
I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

90

Infinite compassion.

1. My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
2. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
3. His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
4. The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
5. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

6. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure
Isaac Watts.

91

Delight in God.

1. LORD, I delight in Thee.
And on thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
2. When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
3. Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
4. I cast my care on Thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.
John Ryland, alt.

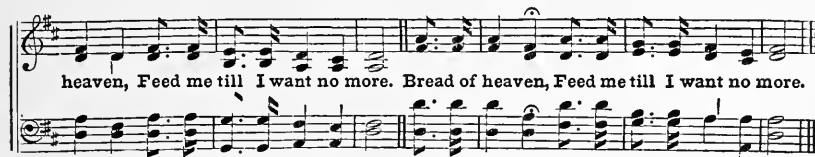
GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

92 ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this barren land : }
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ; Hold me with thy powerful hand : } Bread of



heaven, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current ;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams.

93 [Tune Dennis. S. M. Hymn 89.]
Afflictions blessed.

1. How tender is thy hand,
 O Thou most gracious Lord !
 Afflictions came at thy command,
 And left us at thy word.

2. How gentle was the rod
 That chastened us for sin !
 How soon we found a smiling God
 Where deep distress had been.

3. A father's hand we felt,
 A father's love we knew :
 'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
 And found his promise true.

4. Now will we bless the Lord,
 And in his strength confide ;
 Forever be his name adored,
 For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings.

94

[Tune Dennis. S. M. Hymn 89.]
All things in Christ.

1. THOU very-present Aid
 In suffering and distress,
 The mind which still on Thee is stayed,
 Is kept in perfect peace.

2. The soul by faith reclined
 On the Redeemer's breast,
 'Mid raging storms, exults to find
 An everlasting rest.

3. Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er thy face appears ;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.

4. It hallows every cross ;
 It sweetly comforts me ;
 Makes me forget my every loss,
 And find my all in Thee.

5. Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Doth all my wishes fill :
 What though created streams are dry ?
 I have the fountain still.

6. Stripped of each earthly friend,
 I find them all in one ;
 And peace and joy which never end,
 And heaven, in Christ alone.

Charles Wesley.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

95

MANOAH. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

FROM MEHUL AND HAYDN.

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
2. O how can words with equal warmth The gra-ti-tude de-clare,
3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer-cy lent an ear,
4. When in the slip-ery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran,
5. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, It gent-ly cleared my way;
- 6 Through eve-ry per-iod of my life Thy goodness I'll pur-sue;
7. Through all e-ter-ni-ty to Thee A grateful song I'll raise;

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
That glows with-in my ravished heart? But Thou canst read it there.
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learned To form themselves in prayer.
Thine arm, un-seen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.
And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.
And af-ter death in dis-tant worlds, The pleasing theme re-new.
But O, e-ter-ni-ty's too short To ut-ter all thy praise.

96

Isa. 45: 15.

1. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

97

[Tune Hamburg. L. M. Hymn 155.]
Crowning God with praise.

1. KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.
2. He shakes the heavens with loud
How terrible is God in arms! [alarms;
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
3. Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defense, your joy your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts.

CHRIST—HIS ADVENT.

98

ANTIOCH. C. M.

ARR. FROM GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let ev-ery heart pre-pare him room,
Let earth receive her King;

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world.

2. Joy to the world ! the Savior reigns ;
Let men their tongues employ :
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and
And makes the nations prove [grace,
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

100

Glory to God.

1. Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2. Celestial choirs from courts above !
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3. The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high ;

4. "Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King."

5. Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Savior now is born ;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears.

- 99

To preach deliverance.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Savior
The Savior promised long; {comes,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

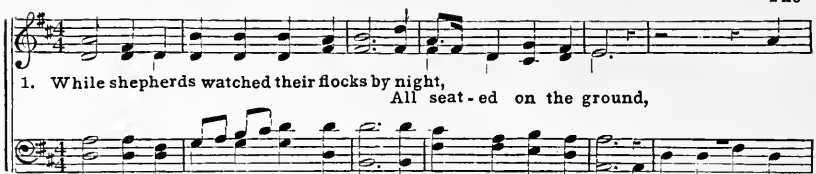
3. He comes the broken heart to bind ;
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

CHRIST—HIS ADVENT.

101 SHERBURNE. C. M.

DANIEL READ.

The



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seat-ed on the ground,

The an-gel of the

an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone a-round, And



The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And

Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone a-round, And

glo - - ry shone a-round,

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And

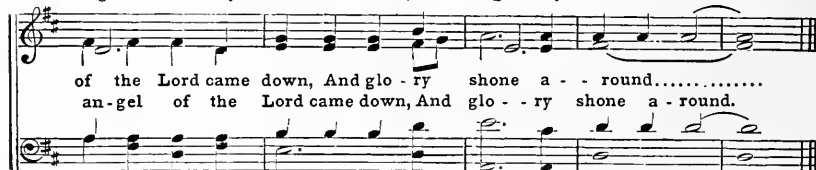


shone a-round, And glo - - - ry shone a-round, The an-gel
glo - - ry shone a-round, And glo - - ry shone a-round, The

glo - - - ry shone a round,

The an-gel of the

glo - - - ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.



of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.....
an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.

Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone a-round.....

2. "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4. "The heavenly babe you there shall
To human view displayed, [and
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.
5. "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will henceforth from heaven to
Begin and never cease." [men,

Tate and Brady.

CHRIST—HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

102 EUCHARIST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God,
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down :
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offer-ing far too small ;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown ?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

103 *The Messiah dies.*

1. 'Tis finished ! the Messiah dies,—
 Cut off for sins, but not his own ;
 Accomplished is the sacrifice,
 The great redeeming work is done.
2. 'Tis finished ! all the debt is paid ;
 Justice divine is satisfied ;
 The grand and full atonement made ;
 Christ for a guilty world hath died.
3. The veil is rent ; in him alone
 The living way to sinners is seen ;
 The middle wall is broken down,
 And all mankind may enter in.
4. The types and figures are fulfilled ;
 Exacted is the legal pain ;
 The precious promises are sealed ;
 The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
5. Death, hell, and sin are now subdued,
 All grace is now to sinners given ;
 And, lo ! I plead the atoning blood,
 And in thy right I claim my heaven.

Charles Wesley.

104 *Christ crucified.*

1. EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
 Covered with dust, and sweat, and
 See there, the King of glory see ! [blood,
 Sinks and expires the Son of God.
2. Who, who, my Savior, this hath done ?
 Who could thy sacred body wound ?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.
3. I, I alone have done the deed ;
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn ;
 My sins have caused Thee, Lord to bleed,
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
4. For me the burden to sustain
 Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid ;
 To heal me, Thou hast borne my pain ;
 To bless me, Thou a curse wast made.
5. My Savior, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.
6. Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast
 Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

CHRIST—HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

105 COMMUNION. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. A-las ! and did my Sav-ior bleed ? And did my Sove-reign die ?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree ?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glor-ies in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While his dear cross ap-pears ;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe :

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I ?
 A-maz-ing pi-ty ! grace un-known ! And love be-yond de-gree !
 When Christ, the migh-ty Mak-er, died, For man the creat-ure's sin.
 Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.

106 *He died for thee.*

1. BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee !
2. Hark ! how he groans, while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend :
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
3. 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's
 "Receive my soul !" he cries : [paid !
 See where he bows his sacred head ;
 He bows his head, and dies !
4. But soon he'll break death's envious
 And in full glory shine : [chain,
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like thine ?

Samuel Wesley.

Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
 And all thy sorrows feel.

2. My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
 This heart so hard before ;
 I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
 And grief o'erflows the more.
3. 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
 And I a sinner stand :
 What love speaks from thy dying eye
 And from each pierced hand !
4. I know this cleansing blood of thine
 Was shed, dear Lord, for me ;
 For me, for all—oh, grace divine !—
 Who look by faith on Thee.

5. O Christ of God ! O spotless Lamb !
 By love my soul is drawn ;
 Henceforth forever thine I am ;
 Here life and peace are born.

Ray Palmer.

107 *Kneeling at the cross.*

1. O JESUS ! sweet the tears I shed,
 While at thy cross I kneel,

CHRIST—HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

108

OLIVES' BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight ; and on Ol-ives' brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone ;
 2. 'Tis midnight ; and from all re-moved, The Savior wrestles lone with fears .
 3. 'Tis midnight ; and for other's guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
 4. 'Tis midnight ; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know ;

'Tis midnight ; in the gar den, now, The suffering Savior prays a - lone.
 E'en that dis-ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak en by his God.
 Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.

109

GETHSEMANE. 7, 61.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Goto dark Gethsemane, Ye that feel the tempter's power ; Your Redeemer's conflict see,

Watch with him one bitter hour ; Turn not from his griefs away, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Christ our exemplar.

2. Follow to the judgment hall ;
 View the Lord of life arraigned ;
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,

God's own sacrifice complete ;
 "It is finished !" hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4. Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes ;
 Savior, teach us so to rise !

James Montgomery.

CHRIST—HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

110

SELENA. L. M. 61.
CHARLES WESLEY.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. O love di-vine, what hast thou done ! The incarnate God hath died for me !
2. Behold him, all ye that pass by ;—The bleeding Prince of life and peace !
3. Is cru-ci-fied for me and you, To bring us reb-els back to God !
4. Then let us sit be-neath his cross, And gladly catch the healing stream ;

The Father's co-e-ter-nal Son, Bore all my sins up-on the tree !
Come, sinners, see your Savior die, And say, was ev-er grief like his ?
Believe, be-lieve the re-cord true, Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood :
All things for him ac-count but loss, And give up all our hearts to him :

The Son of God for me hath died : My Lord, my Love, is cru-ci-fied.
Come, feel with me his blood ap-plied : My Lord, my Love, is cru-ci-fied.
Par-don for all flows from his side : My Lord, my Love, is cru-ci-fied.
Of nothing think or speak beside,—My Lord, my Love, is cru-ci-fied.

111

Our everlasting sacrifice.

1. O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead ;
Our everlasting priest art Thou,
Pleading thy death for sinners now.

2. Thy offering still continues new ;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue ;

Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail ;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3. O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love !
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Passing the years that intervene,
Now let it view upon the tree
The Lord, who bleeds and dies for me.

Charles Wesley.

CHRIST—HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

112 PATHOS. L. M. D.

J. INGALLS, ARR. H. B. H.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo, Sa-lem's daughters weep a-round;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies! A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of rich-er blood!

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For him who groaned beneath your load;

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your
 load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,—
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains:
 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy
 sting?"
 And, "Where's thy victory, boasting
 Grave?"

Isaac Watts, alt. by J. Wesley.

113

The King of glory.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky;
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3. "Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
 He claims these mansions as his right;
 Receive the King of glory in!"
 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"
 "The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

3. Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"
 "The Lord, of glorious power pos-
 sessed;
 The King of saints and angels too;
 God o'er all forever blest!"

Charles Wesley.

CHRIST—HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

114 AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

SPANISH MELODY, FROM MARECHO

1. Hail, thou once despised Jesus! Hail, thou Galilean King! Thou didst suffer to release us;
D. S. By thy merits we find favor;

Fine. Thou didst free salvation bring. Hail, thou agonizing Savior, Bearer of our sin and shame!
Life is given through thy name. *D. S.*

The Paschal Lamb.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

John Bakewell.

115 WARE, L. M.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. TR. BY J. WESLEY.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Je-sus, thy blood and righteousness My beau-ty are, my glorious dress;
2. Bold shall I stand in thy great day, For who ought to my charge shall lay?
3. The ho-ly, meek, unspotted Lamb, Who from the Father's bosom came,
4. Lord, I be lieve thy precious blood, Which at the mer-cy-seat of God,
5. Lord, I be lieve were sin-ners more Than sands upon the o-cean shore,

'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
Fully absolved through these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
Who died for me, e'en me to atone, Now for my Lord and God I own.
For - ev - er doth for sinners plead, For me, e'en for my soul was shed.
Thou hast for all a ran-som paid, For all a full a-tone ment made.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

116 CORONATION, C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
Well join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all

Edward Perronet, alt.

117

The highest name.

1. JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2. Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3. Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4. O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5. His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

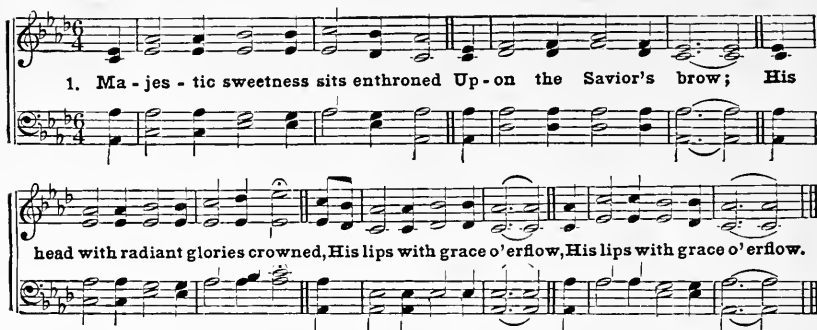
6. Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

118 ORTONVILLE. C. M.
SAMUEL STENNETT.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Savior's brow; His
head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4. To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;

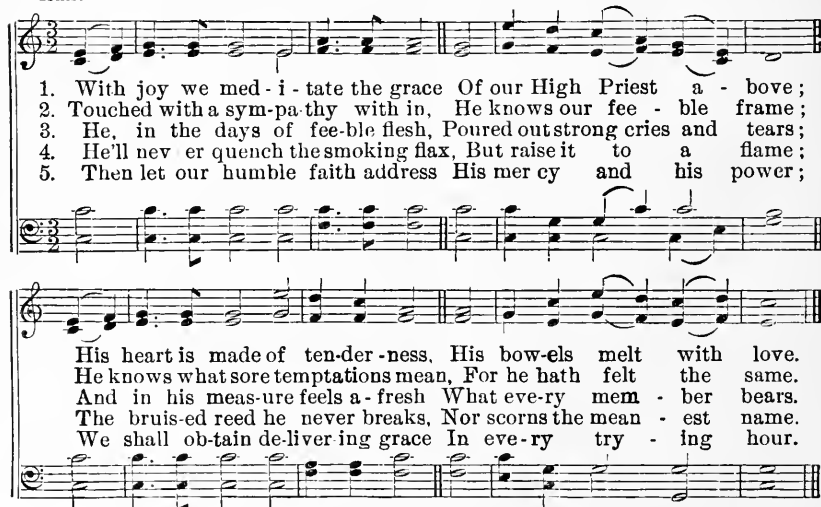
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5. To heaven the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6. Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

119 HEBER. C. M.
ISAAC WATTS.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;
2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with in, He knows our fee - ble frame;
3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Poured out strong cries and tears;
4. He'll nev - er quench the smoking flax, But raise it to a flame;
5. Then let our humble faith address His mer - cy and his power;

His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.
He knows what sore temptations mean, For he hath felt the same.
And in his meas - ure feels a - fresh What every mem - ber bears.
The bruised reed he never breaks, Nor scorns the mean - est name.
We shall ob - tain de - liver - ing grace In eve - ry try - ing hour.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

120

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all thy quickening powers;
 2. Look how we gro - vel here be-low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Fath - er, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all thy quickening powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lang - uish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

121

Prophetic fire.

1. COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
 Let us thine influence prove;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.
2. Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke,
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
 Unseal the sacred book.
3. Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night;
 On our disordered spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
4. God, through himself, we then shall
 If Thou within us shine; [know
 And sound, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley.

Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
 And all thy mercies crown.

2. Though on our heads no tongues of
 Their wondrous powers impart, [fire
 Grant, Savior, what we more desire,—
 Thy Spirit in our heart.
3. Spirit of life, and light, and love,
 Thy heavenly influence give;
 Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
 That we in Christ may live.
4. To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of his grace,
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of his face.

122

His presence invoked.

1. ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
 The Holy Ghost send down;

5. His love within us shed abroad,
 Life's ever springing well;
 Till God in us, and we in God,
 In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Haweis.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

123 MARTH. 7. 5.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



Come to me.

1. THOU who like the wind dost come,
Come to me but ne'er depart;
Blessed Spirit make thy home
In my thankful heart.
2. Answer not with tongues of light;
Brood not o'er me like a dove;
Fall upon me in thy might;
Fill me with thy love.
3. Sin has ruled me; set me free;
Sin has scourged me; bring me rest;
Help my fainting soul to flee
To my Savior's breast.
4. Tell me much of cleansing blood;
Show me sin, but sin forgiven;
Step by step, where Christ has trod,
Help me home to heaven.
Hervey D. Ganse.

124

[Tune Uxbridge. L. M Hymn 130.]
The apostolic promise.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.
2. Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
3. Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4. If every one that asks may find,
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

5. O leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.
Charles Wesley.

125

[Tune Uxbridge. L. M. Hymn 130.]
Tongues of fire.

1. O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of
love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3. Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with
might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
4. Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify.
Till every kindred call him Lord.
James Montgomery.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

126

[Tune Rathbun, 8, 7. Hymn 34.]
Source of joy and gladness.

1. HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness.
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
2. From the height which knows no
measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
3. Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.
4. Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fulness of thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. C. Jacobi.
alt. by A. M. Toplady.

127

[Tune Pleyel's Hymn. 7. Hymn 24.]
All divine.

1. HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
2. Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
4. Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

128

[Tune Olivet. 6, 4. Hymn 270.]
Thy gifts impart.

1. COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above

Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art:
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2. Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

3. Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4. Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II., King of France. Tr. by R. Palmer.

129

[Tune Dennis. S. M. Hymn 89.]
Day of Pentecost.

1. LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.
2. We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.
3. Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4. The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

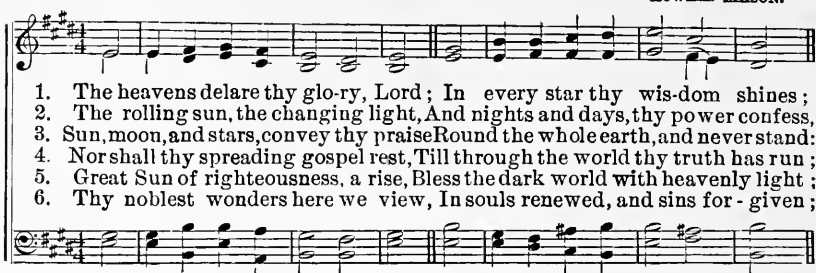
James Montgomery.

THE BIBLE.

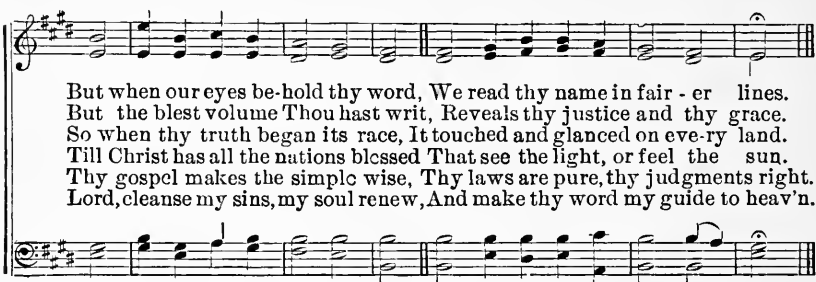
130 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. The heavens declare thy glo-ry, Lord; In every star thy wis-dom shines;
2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days, thy power confess,
3. Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand;
4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest, Till through the world thy truth has run;
5. Great Sun of righteousness, a rise, Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
6. Thy noblest wonders here we view, In souls renewed, and sins for-given;



But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
 But the blest volume Thou hast writ, Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
 So when thy truth began its race, It touched and glanced on eve-ry land.
 Till Christ has all the nations blessed That see the light, or feel the sun.
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise, Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

131

The eternal word.

1. THE starry firmament on high,
 And all the glories of the sky,
 Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
 So brightly as thy written word.
2. The hopes that holy word supplies,
 Its truths divine and precepts wise,
 In each a heavenly beam I see,
 And every beam conducts to Thee.
3. Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky;
4. But, fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,

When heaven and earth have passed
 away.

Sir Robert Grant.

132

The precious word.

1. How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
3. This lamp, through all the tedious
 Of life, shall guide our way; [night
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

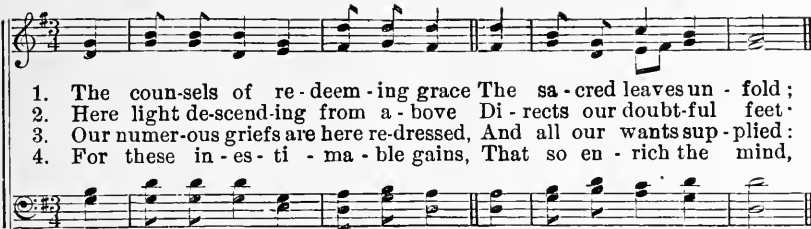
John Fawcett.

THE BIBLE.

133

MARLOW. C. M.
REV. JOHN CHETHAM.

SAMUEL STENNET.



1. The coun-sels of re-deem-ing grace The sa-cred leaves un - fold ;
2. Here light de-scend-ing from a - bove Di - rects our doubt-ful feet :
3. Our numer-ous griefs are here re-dressed, And all our wants sup - plied :
4. For these in - es - ti - ma - ble gains, That so en - rich the mind,



And here the Sav-ior's love-ly face Our rapt ured eyes be - hold.
Here prom-i-ses of heaven-ly love Our ar-dent wish-es meet.
Naught we can ask to make us blest Is in this book de - nied.
O may we search with ea-ger pains, As - sured that we shall find.

134

The excellent word.

1. FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
2. Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
3. Here the fair tree of knowledge
And yields a free repast ; [grows,
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
4. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
5. O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight ;

And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

Anne Steele.

135

The gracious word.

1. WHAT glory gilds the sacred page !
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
2. The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise :
They rise, but never set.
3. Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day
4. My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Couper.

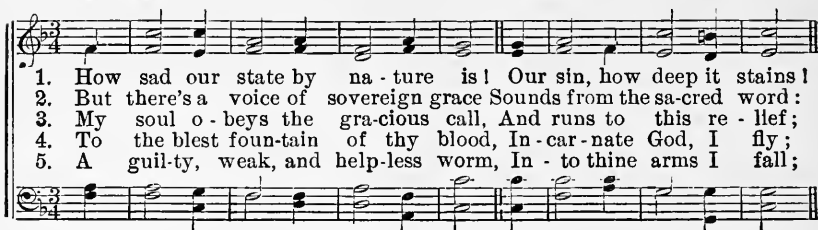
MAN'S LOST CONDITION.

136

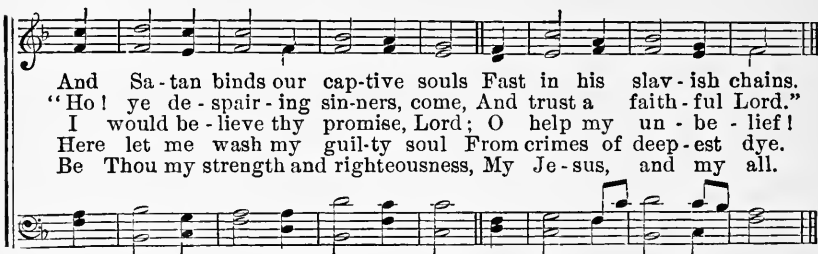
MEAR. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

WELSH AIR. AARON WILLIAMS.



1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!
 2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace Sounds from the sa - cred word:
 3. My soul o - beys the gra - cious call, And runs to this re - lief;
 4. To the blest foun - tain of thy blood, In - car - nate God, I fly;
 5. A guil - ty, weak, and help - less worm, In - to thine arms I fall;



And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls Fast in his slav - ish chains.
 "Ho! ye de - spir - ing sin - ners, come, And trust a faith - ful Lord."
 I would be - lieve thy promise, Lord; O help my un - be - lief!
 Here let me wash my guil - ty soul From crimes of deep - est dye.
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness, My Je - sus, and my all.

137

Our helpless state.

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief:
 He saw, and, O amazing love!
 He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he sped,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
4. O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 The Savior's praises speak.
5. Angels, assist our mighty joys;
 Strike all your harps of gold:
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath
 The seeds of sin grow up for death;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defiled in every part.
3. Behold, we fall before thy face;
 Our only refuge is thy grace:
 No outward forms can make us clean;
 The leprosy lies deep within.
4. Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hysop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.
5. Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
 Hath power sufficient to atone;
 Thy blood can make us white as snow;
 No Jewish typ's could cleanse us so
6. While guilt disturbs and breaks our
 peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
 Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
 And make these broken hearts rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

138

[Tune Duke Street. L. M. Hymn 37.]
Conceived in sin.

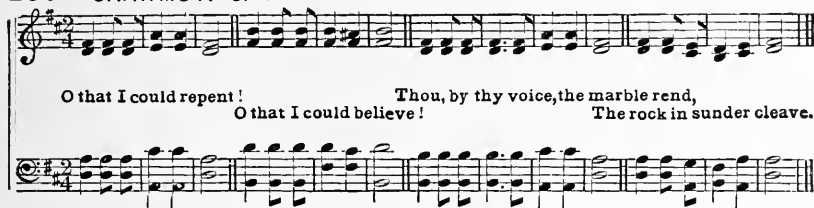
1. LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;

MAN'S LOST CONDITION.

139

SHAWMUT. S. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



O that I could repent! Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,
O that I could believe! The rock in sunder cleave.

Obduracy bemoaned.

1. O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:
2. Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.
3. Savior, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.
4. Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

Charles Wesley.

140

Dead in sins.

1. My former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
2. When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."
3. With trembling hope I see
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
4. Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

William Cowper.

141

Our ransom price.

1. OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears and blood.
2. To save a world he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.
3. Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.
4. Jesus, we look to Thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

John Fawcett.

142

Christ alone.

1. NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
2. Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.
3. Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin:
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Eoratus Bonar.

THE GOSPEL.

143 COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds in a be-liever's ear! It
soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives a-way his fear.

The dearest name.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
5. I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

(144)

The cleansing fountain.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

William Cowper.

144 CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M. D.

UNKNOWN.

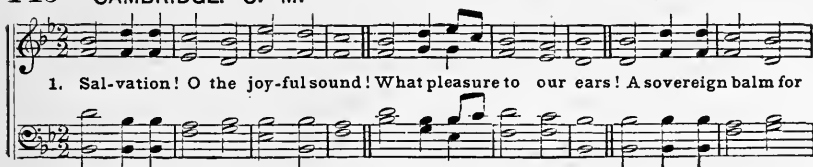
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
Fine. *D. S.*
Lose all their guilt-ty stains. Lose all their guilt-ty stains, Lose all their guilt-ty stains,

THE GOSPEL.

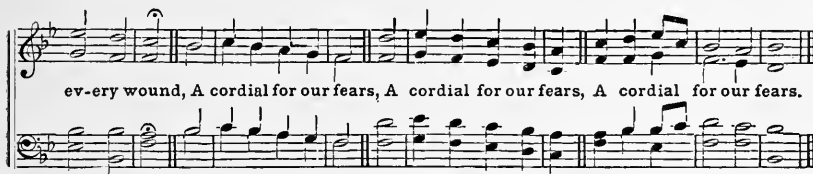
145

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL.



1. Sal-vation! O the joy-ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for



ev-ery wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

The joyful sound.

2. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
3. Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Isaac Watts.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
6. The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.
Isaac Watts.

146

The soul-reviving feast.

1. LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
3. Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

147

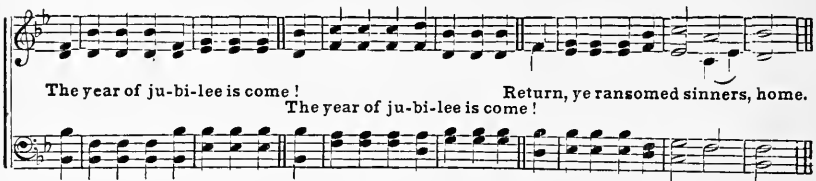
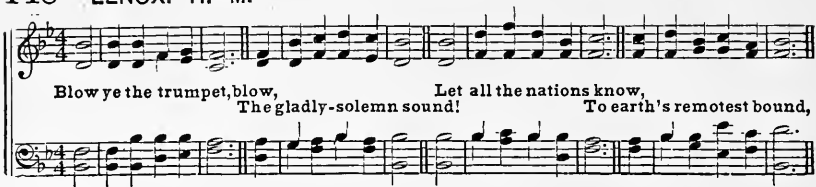
[Tune Silver Street. S. M. Hymn 3;
Grace.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived a way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.
Philip Doddridge.

THE GOSPEL.

148 LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.



The year of jubilee.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
5. Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,

The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
Charles Wesley.

149

[Tune Rathbun. 8, 7. Hymn 34.]
Hope of earth.

1. COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
2. Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
3. Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
4. By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.
Charles Wesley.

GOSPEL INVITATION AND WARNING.

150 COME, YE SINNERS, 8s & 7s.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

Fin.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power; }
 D. C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.

He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will ing, doubt no more. D. C.

Invitation Hymn.

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and needy.
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

Joseph Hart.

CHORUS.

[If desired this chorus may be used in the place of the last two lines of each verse.]

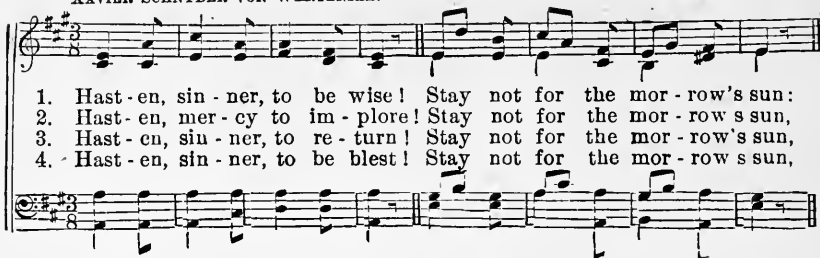
Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
 Sound the praise of his dear name;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

GOSPEL INVITATION AND WARNING.

151 HORTON. 7.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

THOMAS SCOTT.



1. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:
 2. Hast-en, mer-cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 3. Hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 4. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,



Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
 Lest thy sea-son should be o'er Ere this even-ing's stage be run.
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.
 Lest per-di-tion thee ar-rest Ere the mor-row is be-gun.

152

Depth of mercy.

1. DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,—
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. I have long withstood his grace;
 Long, provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
3. Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
4. Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
5. There for me the Savior stands,
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;

God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
Charles Wesley.

153

With Thee is mercy.

1. SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
 Hear, O hear my ardent cry,
 Frown not, lest I faint and die.
2. Vilest of the sons of men,
 Worst of rebels I have been;
 Oft abused Thee to thy face,
 Trampled on thy richest grace.
3. Justly might thy vengeful dart
 Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
 Justly might thy kindled ire
 Send me to eternal fire.
4. But with Thee is mercy found,
 Balm to heal my every wound;
 Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast,
 Give the weary wanderer rest.
Thomas Raffles.

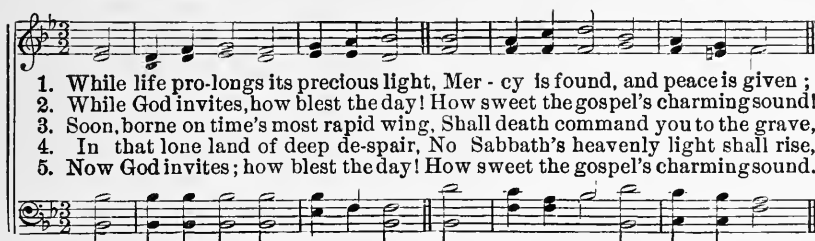
GOSPEL INVITATION AND WARNING.

154

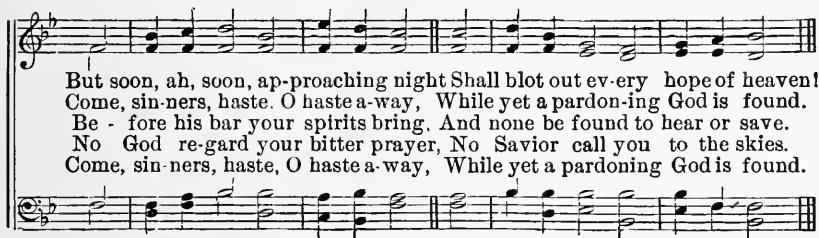
HEBRON. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

LOWELL MASON.



1. While life pro-longs its precious light, Mer - cy is found, and peace is given ;
 2. While God invites, how blest the day ! How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
 3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave,
 4. In that lone land of deep de-spair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
 5. Now God invites ; how blest the day ! How sweet the gospel's charming sound.



But soon, ah, soon, ap-proaching night Shall blot out ev-ery hope of heaven !
 Come, sin-ners, haste. O haste a-way, While yet a pardon-ing God is found.
 Be - fore his bar your spirits bring. And none be found to hear or save.
 No God re-gard your bitter prayer, No Savior call you to the skies.
 Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a-way, While yet a pardoning God is found.

155

All things are ready.

1. SINNERS, obey the gospel word ;
 Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day ;
 All things are ready,—come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss his late-returning son ;
 Ready your loving Savior stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
3. Ready the Spirit of his love,
 Just now the stony to remove :
 To apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal the sons of God.
4. Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate ;
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
5. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready, with their shining host :
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 "The dead's alive ! the lost is found !"

Charles Wesley.

156

The gracious call.

1. SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control ?
2. Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
3. Spurn not the call to life and light ;
 Regard in time the warning kind ;
 That call thou mayst not always slight
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
4. God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying man ;
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
5. Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

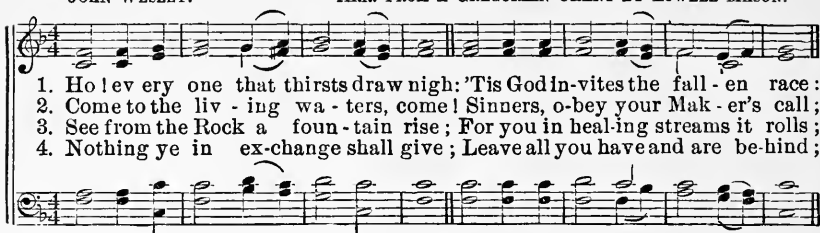
Mrs. Ann B. Hyde.

GOSPEL INVITATION AND WARNING.

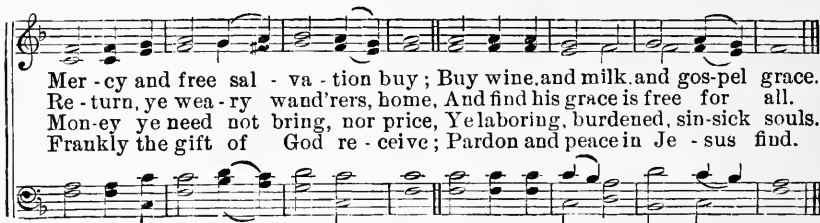
157 HAMBURG. L. M.

JOHN WESLEY.

ARR. FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT BY LOWELL MASON.



1. Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh: 'Tis God in-vites the fall-en race:
 2. Come to the liv-ing wa-ters, come! Sinners, o-bey your Mak-er's call;
 3. See from the Rock a foun-tain rise; For you in heal-ing streams it rolls;
 4. Nothing ye in ex-change shall give; Leave all you have and are be-hind;



Mer-cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos-pel grace.
 Re - turn, ye wea - ry wand'ers, home, And find his grace is free for all.
 Mon-ey ye need not bring, nor price, Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
 Frankly the gift of God re - ceive; Pardon and peace in Je - sus find.

158

God calling yet.

1. GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumber lie?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise?
 Can I his loving voice despise.
 And basely his kind care repay?
 He calls me still; can I delay?
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
4. God calling yet! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but he does not forsake;
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!
5. God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr by Miss J. Borthwick

159

The gospel feast.

1. COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
 The invitation is to all:
 Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
 All things in Christ are ready now.
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
4. My message as from God receive;
 Ye all may come to Christ and live;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.
5. See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

GOSPEL INVITATION AND WARNING.

160

CAPELLO. S. M.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul ?
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh ;
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
 4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath :
 5. Thou God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun ;

'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to el - ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Un-meas - ured by the flight of years ; And all that life is love.
 O what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the sec - ond death.
 Lest we be ban - ished from thy face, For ev - er - more un - done.

161

The accepted time.

1. Now is the accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace ;
 Now, sinners, come without delay,
 And seek the Savior's face.

2. Now is the accepted time,
 The Savior calls to-day ;
 To-morrow it may be too late—
 Then why should you delay ?

3. Now is the accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come,
 And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell.

162

The Son of God in tears.

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief,
 Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see !

Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
 He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear :
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

163

Christ our sacrifice.

1. Not all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

2. But Christ the heavenly Lamb
 Takes all our sins away,
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

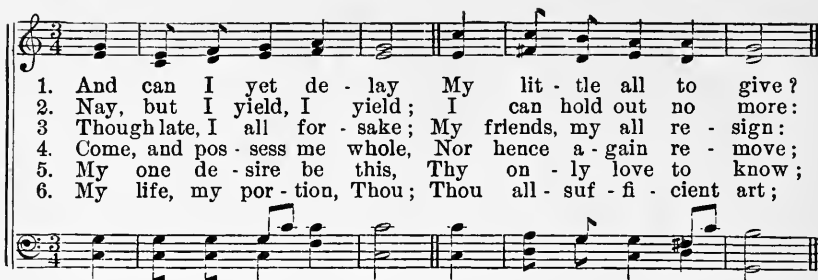
4. Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his dying love.

Isaac Watts.

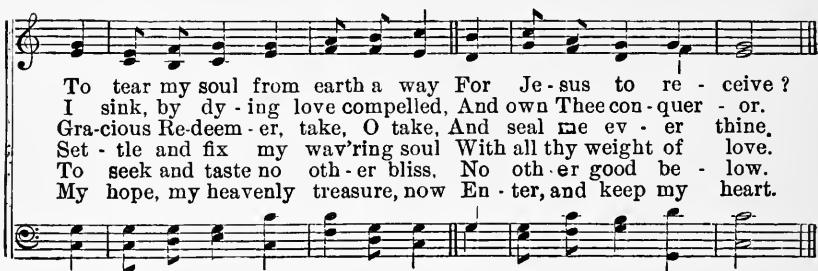
GOSPEL INVITATION AND WARNING.

164 BOYLSTON. S. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
 2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:
 3. Though late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all re - sign:
 4. Come, and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move;
 5. My one de - sire be this, Thy on - ly love to know;
 6. My life, my por - tion, Thou; Thou all - suf - fi - cient art;



To tear my soul from earth a way For Je - sus to re - ceive?
 I sink, by dy - ing love compelled, And own Thee con - quer - or.
 Gra - cious Re - deem - er, take, O take, And seal me ev - er thine.
 Set - tle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.
 To seek and taste no oth - er bliss. No oth - er good be - low.
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now En - ter, and keep my heart.

165 *The penitent desire.*

1. O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to Thy gracious eye present
 A humble, contrite heart!
2. A heart with grief oppressed
 For having grieved my God;
 A troubled heart, that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with Thy blood.
3. Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire.
4. With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down;
 Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

166 *To whom shall I go?*

1. AH! whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint;
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?
2. My Savior bids me come;
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay.
3. What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part,
 Which will not let the Savior take
 Possession of my heart?
4. Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display;
 Into its darkest corners shine
 And take the veil away.

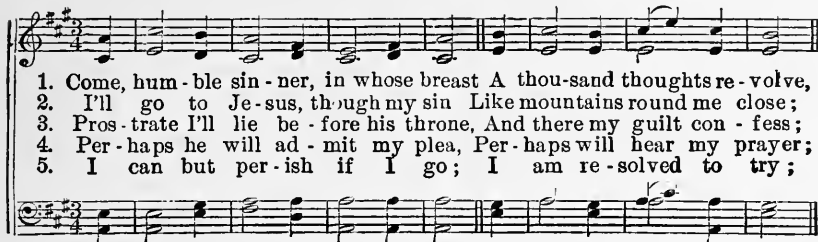
Charles Wesley.

GOSPEL INVITATION AND WARNING.

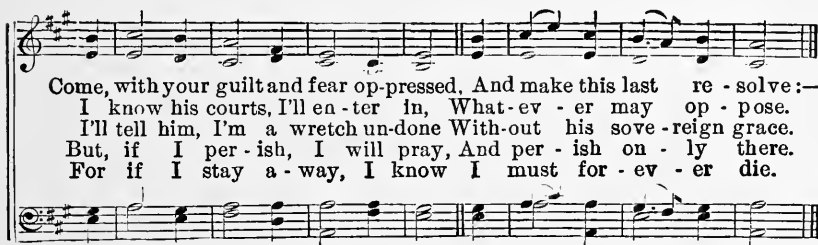
167 BALERMA. C. M.

EDMUND JONES.

ADAPTED BY R. SIMPSON.



1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand thoughts re-volve,
 2. I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin Like mountains round me close;
 3. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore his throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
 4. Per-haps he will ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;
 5. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed. And make this last re-solve:—
 I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op- pose.
 I'll tell him, I'm a wretch un-done With-out his sove-reign grace.
 But, if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.

168 *The voice that wakes the dead.*

1. THOU Son of God, whose flaming
 Our inmost thoughts perceive, [eyes
 Accept the grateful sacrifice
 Which now to Thee we give.
2. We bow before thy gracious throne
 And think ourselves sincere;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshiper?
3. Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
 Nor feels his need of Thee,—
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree?
4. Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain,
 And fill his heart with sacred grief
 And penitential pain.
5. Speak with that voice that wakes
 And bid the sleeper rise; [the dead,
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

169 *O wanderer, return.*

1. RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek thy Father's face;
 Those new desires which in thee burn
 Were kindled by His grace.
2. Return, O wanderer, return,
 He hears thy humble sigh;
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.
3. Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Savior bids thee live;
 Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
 How freely He'll forgive.
4. Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe the falling tear;
 Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
 'Tis love invites thee near.
5. Return, O wanderer, return,
 Regain thy long-sought rest;
 The Savior's melting mercies yearn
 To clasp thee to His breast.

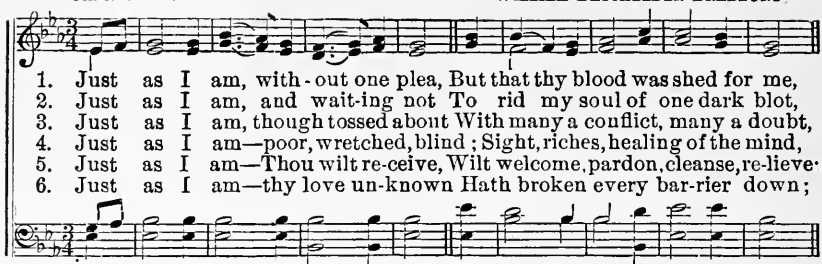
William B. Colyer, alt.

REPENTANCE.

170 WOODWORTH L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind : Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve—
 6. Just as I am—thy love un-known Hath broken every bar-rier down ;



And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
 Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
 Be-cause thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

171

[Tune Ware. L. M. Hymn 115.]
This stubborn heart.

1. O FOR a glance of heavenly day
 To take this stubborn heart away,
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine !
2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3. To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
 O Lord, an adamant would melt :
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.
4. Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
 Amazing thought !—unmoved I hear ;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
5. But power divine can do the deed,
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need ;
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart.

172

A broken heart.

1. A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring :
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.
2. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemned to die.
3. Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
 I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.
4. Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

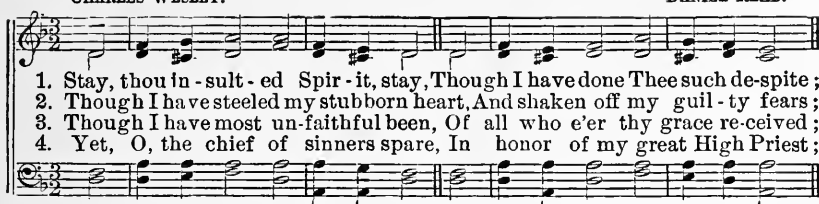
Isaac Watts.

REPENTANCE.

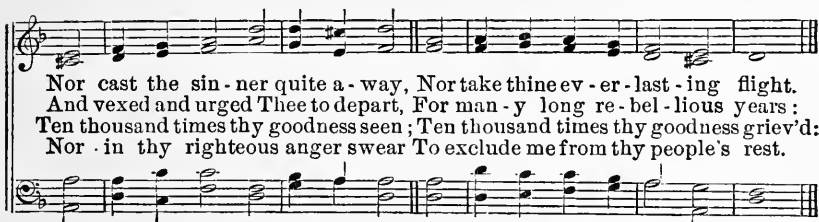
173

WINDHAM. L. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

DANIEL READ.



1. Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spir-it, stay, Though I have done Thee such de-spite ;
2. Though I have steeled my stubborn heart, And shaken off my guil-ty fears ;
3. Though I have most un-faithful been, Of all who e'er thy grace re-ceived ;
4. Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare, In honor of my great High Priest ;



Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight.
And vexed and urged Thee to depart, For man-y long re-bel-lious years :
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ; Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd :
Nor in thy righteous anger swear To exclude me from thy people's rest.

174

Show pity, Lord.

1. SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

175

Guilty I stand.

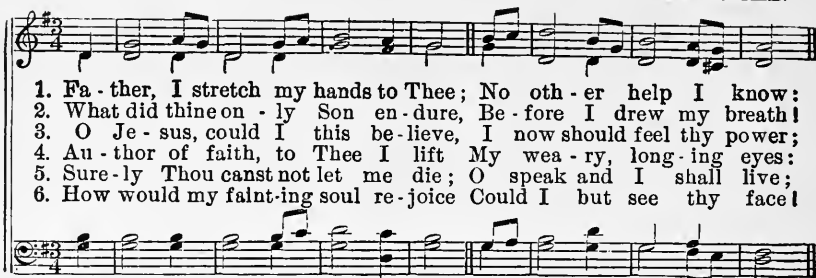
1. WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
And bow myself before thy face ? [near,
How in thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?
2. Will gifts delight the Lord most high ?
Will multiplied oblations please ?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease ?
3. Can these avert the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.
4. Who would himself to Thee approve
Must take the path thyself hast
Justice pursue and mercy love, [showed,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
5. But though my life henceforth be
Present for past can ne'er atone ; [thine,
Though I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back thine own.
6. Guilty I stand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died !

Charles Wesley.

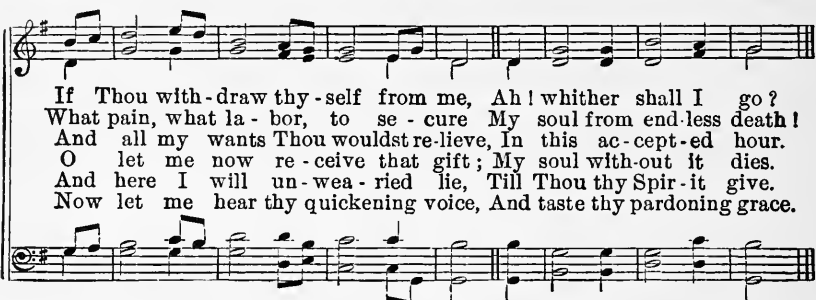
REPENTANCE.

176 PARSONS. C. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

ARR. FROM S. HUBBARD.



1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth-er help I know:
2. What did thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath!
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy power;
4. Au-thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes:
5. Sure-ly Thou canst not let me die; O speak and I shall live;
6. How would my faint-ing soul re-joice Could I but see thy face!



If Thou with-draw thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor, to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou wouldst re-lieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
O let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.
And here I will un-wea-ried lie, Till Thou thy Spir-it give.
Now let me hear thy quickening voice, And taste thy pardoning grace.

177 *O'ercome this heart of mine.*

1. O THAT Thou wouldst the heavens
 rend,
 In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
 And seize me for thine own!
2. Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
 And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
 And bid the sun stand still.
3. What though I cannot break my
 chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
 Are possible to God.
4. Thou canst o'ercome this heart of
 mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
 And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

178 *The Sun of righteousness.*

1. O SUN of righteousness, arise
 With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
 Life and salvation bring.
2. These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
 By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith; my heart
 With holy hope inflame.
3. My mind, by thy all-quicken-
 ing
From low desires set free; [power,
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
 My love entire on Thee.
4. Father, thy long-lost son receive;
 Savior, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
 Thy new-made creature crown.
5. Eternal, undivided Lord,
 Co-equal One in Three,
On Thee all faith, all hope be placed;
 All love be paid to Thee.

John Wesley.

REPENTANCE.

179

TOPLADY. 7. 6l.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

Rock of Ages.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady. alt.

2. By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

3. By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries,
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

4. By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

Sir Robert Grant.

180

The Lily.

1. By thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

Doxology.

PRaise the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

Unknown.

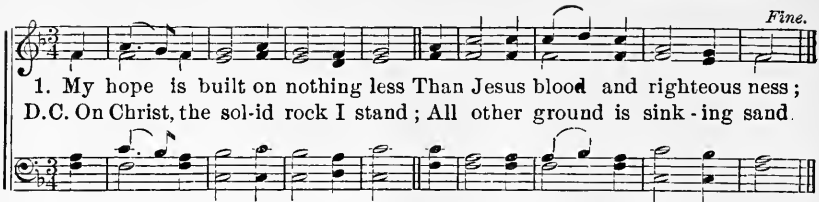
JUSTIFICATION.

181

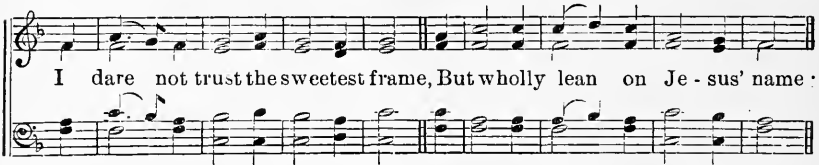
FILMORE. L. M. D.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

Fine.

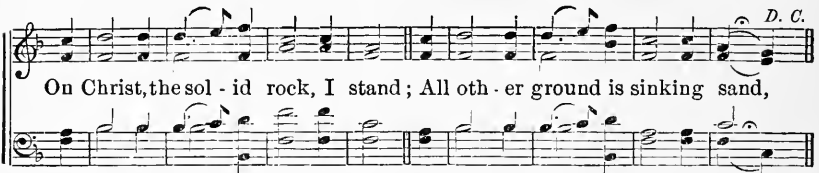


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus blood and righteous ness;
D.C. On Christ, the sol-id rock I stand; All other ground is sink-ing sand.



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name :

D. C.



On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand,

Christ the solid rock

1. My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace:
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3. His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote.

182

Alive in Christ.

1. AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be [me]
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for

2. 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3. He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5. No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ
my own.

Charles Wesley.

JUSTIFICATION.

183

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

Arise, my soul, arise; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears;
Shake off thy guilty fears;

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
Before the throne my Surety stands,

Abba, Father.

1. ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
5. My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:

He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
Charles Wesley.

184

I love his name.

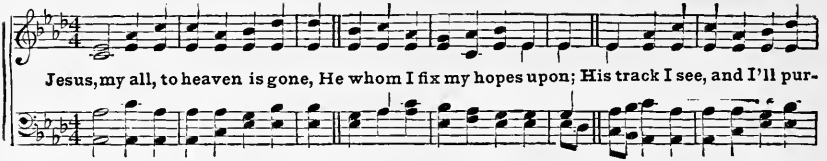
1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
3. And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.
Isaac Watts.

JUSTIFICATION.

185

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

REV. GEORGE COLES.



The King's highway.

1. JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more:
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest
Shall take me to Thee, as I am; [Lamb,
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God"

John Cennick.

186

The new-born peace.

1. TREMBLING before thine awful throne
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile, and heal the strife.
The Savior smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

2. Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The newborn peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.
Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

3. Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.
But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

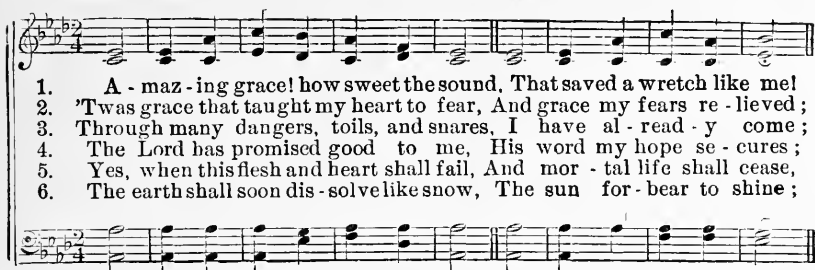
Augustus L. Hillhouse.

JUSTIFICATION.

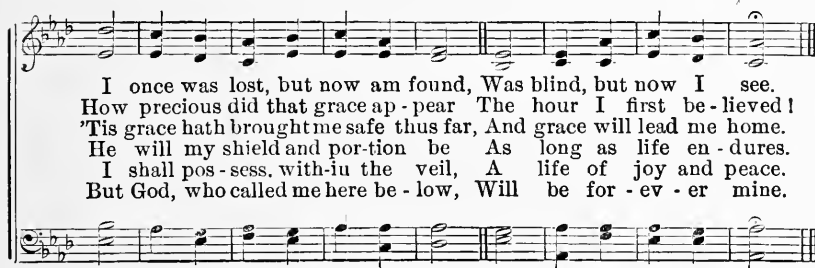
187

EVAN. C. M.
JOHN NEWTON.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
 5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
 6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How precious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
 But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

188

Tokens of grace.

1. WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
3. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
4. Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, Celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

Isaac Watts.

189

The purifying blood.

1. My God, my God, to Thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.
2. Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in Thee.
3. But art Thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine Thou art;
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
4. Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

JUSTIFICATION.

190

WOODLAND. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD

1. Fountain of life, to all be-low Let thy sal-va-tion roll ; Water, re-plen-ish,
 2. In - to that hap-py number, Lord, Us weary sinnerstake ; Je-sus, ful fill thy
 3. Turn back our nature's rapid tide, And we shall flow to Thee, While down the
 4. The well of life to us Thou art, Of joy the swelling flood; Wafted by Thee with
 5. We soon shall reach the boundless sea; Into thy fulness fall; Be lost and swal-
 lowed

and o'erflow, Wa-ter, re-plen-ish, and o'erflow Ev-ery be-liev-ing soul.
 gracious word, Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word, For thine own mer-cy's sake.
 time we glide, While down the stream of time we glide To our e-ter-ni-ty.
 willing heart, Wafted by Thee, with willing heart, We swift re-turn to God.
 up in Thee, Be lost and swallowed up in Thee, Our God, our all in all.

191

VIOLA. 6. 71.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY

Abba, Father, hear thy child, Hear, and all the graces shower,
 Late in Jesus reconciled; Late in Jesus reconciled; All the joy, and peace, and power;
 D. C. All my Savior asks above, All the life and heaven of love.

Life divine.

1. ABBA, Father, hear thy child
 Late in Jesus reconciled;
 Hear, and all the graces shower,
 All the joy, and peace, and power;
 All my Savior asks above,
 All the life and heaven of love.

2. Lord, I will not let Thee go
 Till the blessing Thou bestow:
 Hear my Advocate divine;
 Lo! to his my su't I join;
 Joined to his, it cannot fail;
 Bless me; for I will prevail.

3. Heavenly Father, life divine,
 Change my nature into thine;
 Move, and spread throughout my soul,
 Actuate, and fill the whole:
 Be it I no longer now
 Living in the flesh, but Thou.

4. Holy Ghost, no more delay;
 Come, and in thy temple stay:
 Now thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear:
 Spring of life, thyself impart;
 Rise eternal in my heart.

Charles Wesley..

JUSTIFICATION.

192

CONVERT. P. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

SPIRITUAL ARR. BY E. S. L.

1. Oh, how hap - py are they Who their Sav - ior o - bey, And have
2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the fa - vor dl - vine I first
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re - deem - er to know, And the
4. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song: O that
5. O the rap - tur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light Which I

laid up their treas - ures a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press
found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first be - lieved,
an - gels could do noth - ing more Than to fall at his feet,
all his sal - ya - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried.
felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - ior pos - sessed

The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
What a joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' name.
And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
"He hath suffered and died. To re - deem ev - en reb - el's like me.
I was per - fect - ly blessed, As if filled with the ful - ness of God.

193

[Tune Shirland, S. M. Hymn 349.]
Sins forgiven.

1. How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?
2. What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
3. We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,

- And feel his blood applied.
4. Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
5. His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
6. Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

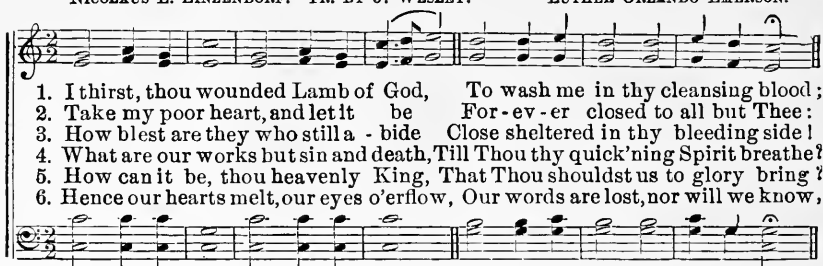
Charles Wesley.

CONSECRATION.

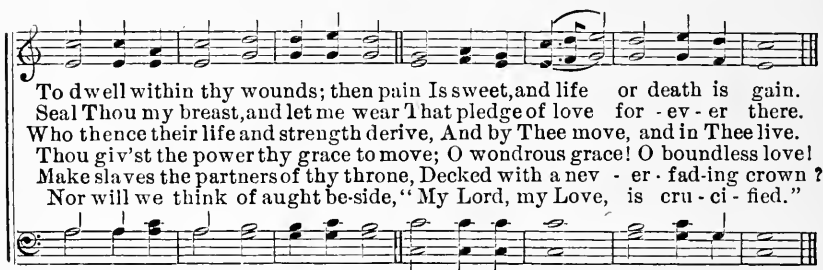
194 SESSIONS. L. M.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. TR. BY J. WESLEY.

LUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON.



1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
 2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For-ev-er closed to all but Thee:
 3. How blest are they who still a-bide Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
 4. What are our works but sin and death, Till Thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
 5. How can it be, thou heavenly King, That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
 6. Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow, Our words are lost, nor will we know,



To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for-ev-er there.
 Who thence their life and strength derive, And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
 Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move; O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne, Decked with a nev-er-fad-ing crown?
 Nor will we think of aught be-side, "My Lord, my Love, is cru-ci-fied."

195

Consecrating all.

1. LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
2. Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
3. Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
4. Here, at that cross where flows the
blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.
5. Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

196

All for Christ.

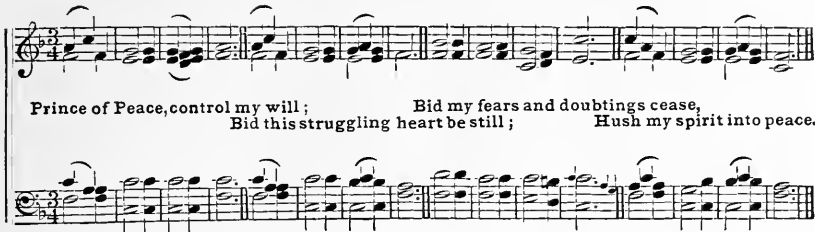
1. COME, Savior, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
2. O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on Thee.
3. That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.
4. Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
5. Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Mad. A. Bourignon. Tr. by J. Wesley.

CONSECRATION.

197 ALETTA. 7.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



Prince of Peace, control my will; Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Bid this struggling heart be still; Hush my spirit into peace.

Perfect peace.

1. PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3. May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4. Savior, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

198

I love Thee.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior,—hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
“Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me?”

2. “I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3. “Can a mother’s tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4. “Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. “Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me?”

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!
William Cowper.

199

[Tune Woodland. C. M. Hymn 190.]

Sovereign ownership.

1. LET him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2. He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3. Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts’ desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4. Our souls and bodies we resign,
With joy we render Thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

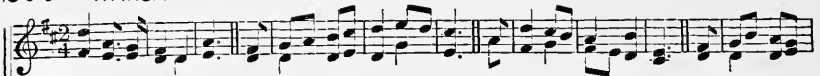
Charles Wesley.

CONSECRATION.

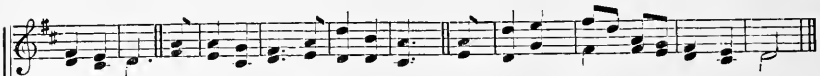
200

WARSAW. H. M.

THOMAS CLARK.



My soul and all its powers, All all my happy hours I con - se -
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;



crate to Thee: Me to thine image now restore, And I shall praise Thee ever more.



Sanctified by love.

1. My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

2. Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live;
To Thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3. I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

Charles Wesley.

- As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given.
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2. If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

3. Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

4. Now, O God, thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if thine I die.

Charles Wesley.

201

[Tune Gethsemane. 7, 61. Hymn 109.]
Entire Consecration.

1. FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,

SANCTIFICATION.

202

LOVE DIVINE. S. 7. D.

1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven to earth come down ! Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;

All thy faithful mer-cies crown. Jesus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure unbounded

love Thou art ; Vis-it us with thy sal - va - tion ; Enter every trembling heart

Love excelling.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be :
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
4. Finish then thy new creation ;
Pure and spot less let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

[Tune Warsaw. H. M. Hymn 200.]

Rejoicing in hope.

203

1. YE ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord ;

And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2. In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me :
We shall from all our sins be free.

3. Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4. The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5. Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise :
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

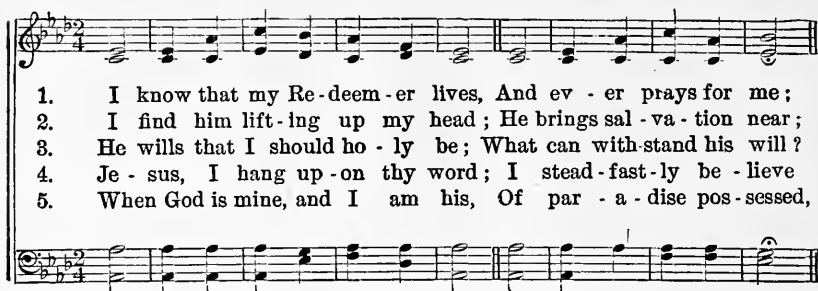
Charles Wesley.

SANCTIFICATION.

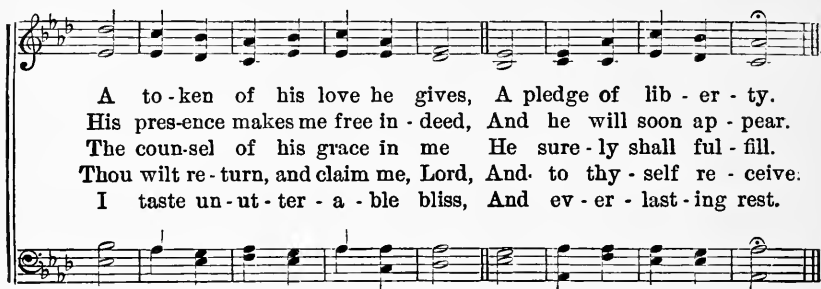
204

EVAN, C. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me ;
2. I find him lift-ing up my head ; He brings sal - va - tion near ;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be ; What can with-stand his will ?
4. Je - sus, I hang up-on thy word ; I stead-fast-ly be - lieve
5. When God is mine, and I am his, Of par - a - dise pos-sessed,



A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap - pear.
The coun-sel of his grace in me He sure-ly shall ful - fill.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re - ceive.
I taste un-ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest.

205

My hope is full.

1. O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !
Christ shall in me appear ;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.
2. The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view :
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.
3. The promised land, from Pisgah's
I now exult to see : [top,
My hope is full, O glorious hope !
Of immortality.
4. With me, I know, I feel, Thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
5. Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void :

Thou only canst my spirit fill :
Come, O my God, my God !

Charles Wesley.

206

The rest of faith.

1. LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone :
2. A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
3. O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
4. Remove this hardness from my heart
This unbelief remove :
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

SANCTIFICATION.

207

EXHORTATION. C. M.

S. HIBBARD.

O for a heart to praise.... my God, A heart..... from
sin set free! A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for
A heart that always feels thy blood, So
me! free-ly spilt for me! A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
..... A heart that al-ways feels thy blood,

A pure heart.

1. O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley.

208

Refining fire.

1. JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
2. O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!
3. O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!
4. Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
5. My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move.
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

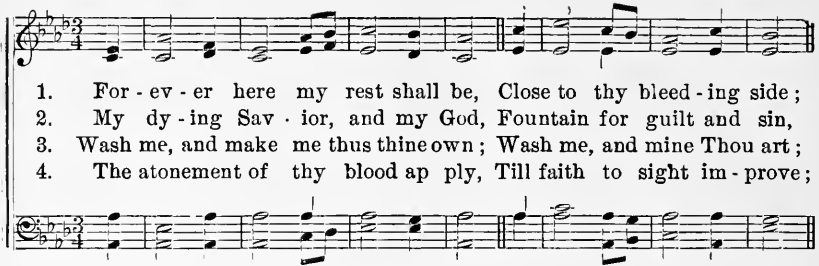
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209

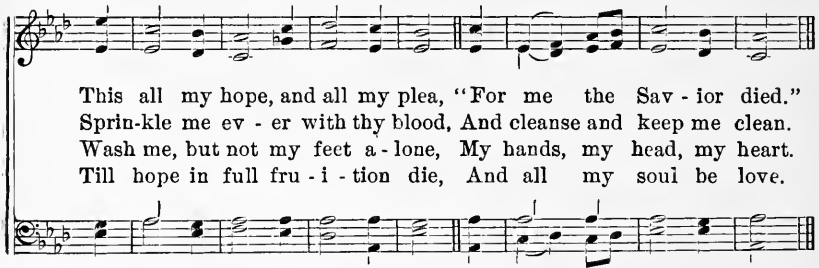
AVON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HUGH WILSON.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side ;
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own ; Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
4. The atonement of thy blood ap ply, Till faith to sight im - prove ;



This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - ior died."
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

210

Steadfast faith.

1. My God, I know, I feel Thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renewed I am.
2. I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
 And will not let Thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.
3. Love only can the conquest win,
 The strength of sin subdue:
 Come, O my Savior, cast out sin,
 And form my soul anew.
4. Nolonger then my heart shall mourn,
 While sanctified by grace,
 I only for thy glory burn,
 And always see thy face.

Charles Wesley.

211

Inward holiness.

1. WHAT is our calling's glorious hope
 But inward holiness ?
 For this to Jesus I look up ;
 I calmly wait for this.
2. I wait till he shall touch me clean,
 Shall life and power impart,
 Gives me the faith that casts out sin.
 And purifies the heart.
3. When Jesus makes my heart his
 My sin shall all depart ; [home
 And, lo ! he saith, " I quickly come,
 To fill and rule thy heart."
4. Be it according to thy word ;
 Redeem me from all sin ;
 My heart would now receive Thee, Lord ;
 Come in, my Lord, come in !

Charles Wesley,

SANCTIFICATION.

212 SPOHR. C. M. D.

ARR. FROM LOUIS SPOHR.

My Sav-ior, on the word of truth In ear-nest hope I live;

I ask for all the pre-cious things Thy boundless love can give.
D. S. But chief-ly long to walk with Thee, And on-ly trust in thine.

I look for many a less-er light A-bout my path to shine;

In earnest hope.

1. My Savior, on the word of truth
In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine;
But chiefly long to walk with Thee,
And only trust in thine.
2. Thou knowst that I am not blest
As Thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee;
And still I seek, 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.
3. It is not as Thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust:
Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,
The Lowly and the Meek,
The fulness which thy own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.

Anna L. Waring.

213

[Tune Manoa. C. M. Hymn 95.]

Walk in the light.

1. WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

SANCTIFICATION.

214

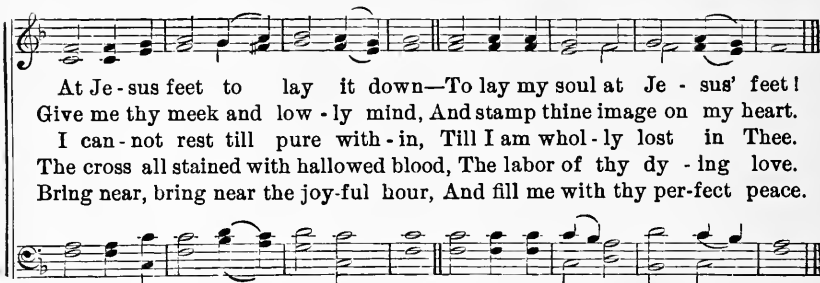
HAMBURG. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit
 2. Rest for my soul I long to find: Sav-ior of all, if mine Thou art,
 3. Break off the yoke of in-bred sin, And ful-ly set my spir-it free.
 4. Fain would I learn of Thee, my God, Thy light and eas-y bur-den prove,
 5. I would, but Thou must give the power; My heart from every sin re-lease;



At Je-sus feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!
 Give me thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.
 I can-not rest till pure with-in, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.
 The cross all stained with hallowed blood, The labor of thy dy-ing love.
 Bring near, bring near the joy-ful hour, And fill me with thy per-fect peace.

215

Perfect love.

1. HE wills that I should holy be:
 That holiness I long to feel;
 That full divine conformity
 To all my Savior's righteous will.
2. See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
 Accomplished in the change of mine;
 And plunge me, every whit made whole,
 In all the depths of love divine.
3. On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
 And waits to prove thine utmost will;
 The promise by thy mercy made,
 Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfill.
4. No more I stagger at thy power,
 Or doubt thy truth, which cannot
 Hasten the long-expected hour, [move:
 And bless me with thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

216

[Tune Ariel. C. P. M. Hymn 42.]

O glorious hope.

1. O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
 It lifts me up to things above;

It bears on eagles' wings;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below:
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow.

3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest;
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

4. O that I might at once go up;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess;
 This moment end my legal years,
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
 A howling wilderness!

Charles Wesley.

SANCTIFICATION.

217

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. O come, and dwell in me, Spir - it of power with - in,
2. The seed of sin's dis - ease, Spir - it of health, re - move,
3. Hast - en the joy - ful day Which shall my sins con - sume;
4. I want the wit - ness, Lord, That all I do is right,
5. I ask no high - er state: In - dulse me but in this,

And bring the glor ious lib - er - ty From sor - row, fear, and sin!
 Spir - it of fin - ished ho - li - ness, Spir - it of per - fect love.
 When old things shall be done a - way, And all things new be - come.
 Ac - cord - ing to thy will and word, Well pleas - ing in thy sight.
 And soon or lat - er then trans - late To my e - ter - nal bliss.

218

My soul renew.

1. THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy cre - ature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.
2. My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.
3. That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!
4. Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.
5. Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;

And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

Charles Wesley.

219

Love supreme.

1. HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.
2. Though Thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain,
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.
3. Had I such faith in God
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.
4. Grant, then, this one request,
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

Samuel Stennett, alt.

HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

220

CHURCH. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav-en-ly frame ;
 2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord ?
 3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed ! How sweet their mem-ory still !
 4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest !
 5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'r that i - dol be,
 6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame ;

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb !
 Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word ?
 But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
 Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

221

Thirsting for God.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
2. For Thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine ?
3. I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
4. Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Savior, and thy King.

Tate and Brady.

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt
And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.
3. In prayer my soul drew near the
And saw his glory shine ; [Lord,
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.
4. But now, when evening shade pre-
My soul in darkness mourns ; [vails.
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
5. Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;
O make my soul thy care,
I know thy mercy cannot fail ;
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton.

222

Mourning joys departed.

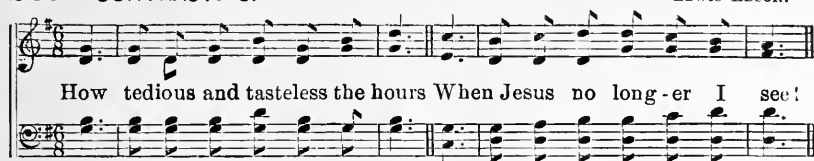
1. SWEET was the time when first I felt
Thy Savior's pardoning blood

HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

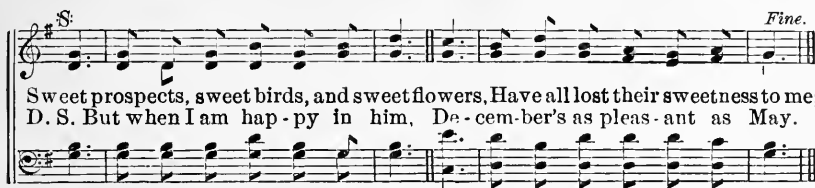
223

CONTRAST. 8.

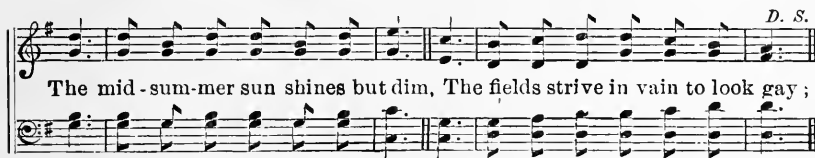
LEWIS EDSON.



How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no long-er I see!



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
D. S. But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.



The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
D. S.

His cheering presence invoked.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4. My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.
John Newton.

224

I long for Thee.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2. 'Tis there, with the Lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

225

OZREM. S. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. Gra-cious Re-deem-er, shake This slum-ber from my soul!
2. Lay to thy might-y hand; A-larm me in this hour;
3. Glve me on Thee to call, Al-ways to watch and pray,
4. For each as-sault pre-pared, And read-y may I be;
5. O do Thou al-ways warn My soul of ev-il near;
6. "Come back! this is the way; Come back, and walk there-in;"

Say to me now, "Awake, awake! And Christ shall make thee whole."
And make me ful-ly un-der-stand The thun-der of thy power.
Lest I in-to temp-ta-tion fall, And cast my shield a-way.
For-ev-er stand-ing on my guard, And look-ing up to Thee.
When to the right or left I turn, Thy voice still let me hear:
O may I hearken and o-bey, And shun the paths of sin.

226

Restore my soul.

1. O JESUS, full of grace,
To Thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.
2. Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.
3. Wilt Thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
"Forgive," my stricken spirit cries,
"Abundantly forgive."
4. Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,

"In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Charles Wesley.

227

Wanderings lamented.

1. How oft this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
2. Yet mercy calls, "Return;"
Savior, to Thee I come:
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.
3. Thy love so free, so sweet,
Blest Savior, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

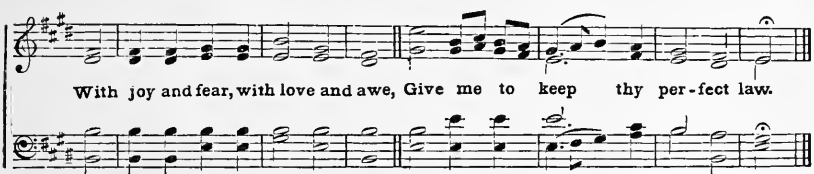
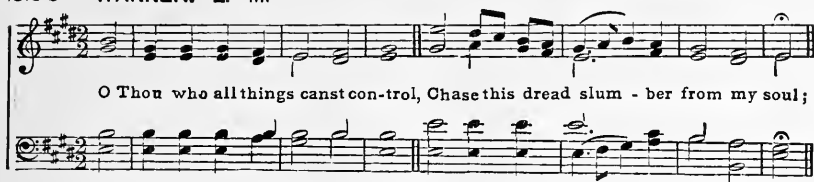
Anne Steele, ad.

HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

228

WARREN. L. M.

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.



My zeal inspire.

1. O Thou who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2. O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3. For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4. With outstretched hands, and stream-
ing eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5. The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

From the German. Tr. by J. Wesley.

For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2. With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to Thee.

3. When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails
With Lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4. Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

5. Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast
won,
Alone Thou hast the winepress trod:
In me thy strengthening grace be shown;
Oh, may I conquer through thy blood.

6. So when on Sion Thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

John Wesley.

229

His grace implored.

1. THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of
Peace,

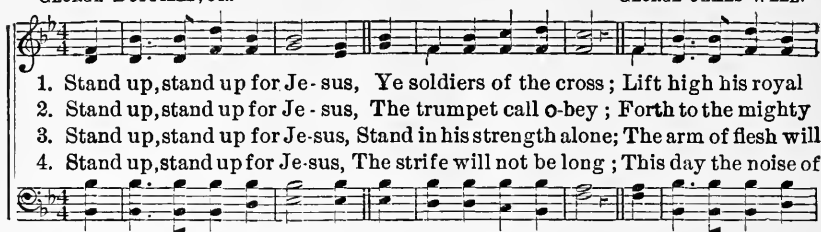
CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

230

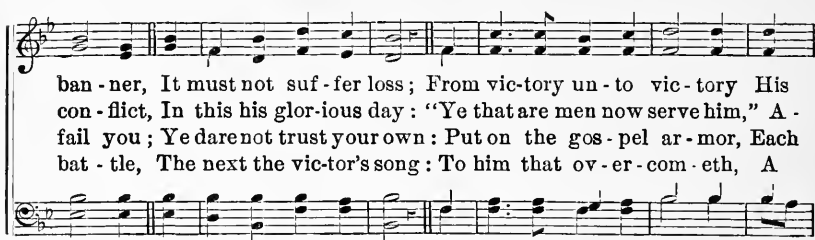
WEBB. 7. 6. D.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trumpet call o-bey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-tory un-to vic-tory His
 con-flict, In this his glor-ious day: "Ye that are men now serve him," A-
 fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each
 bat-tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that ov-er-com-eth, A



ar-my shall he lead, Till every foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in deed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength
 [op-
 pose.
 piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls or danger, Be never wanting there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

231

Go forward.

1. Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath his banner true:
 The Lord himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

2. Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more are o'er thee watching

Than human eyes can know.
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices,
 That lure thy soul astray.

3. Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished,
 And heaven is all possessed:
 Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by.
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

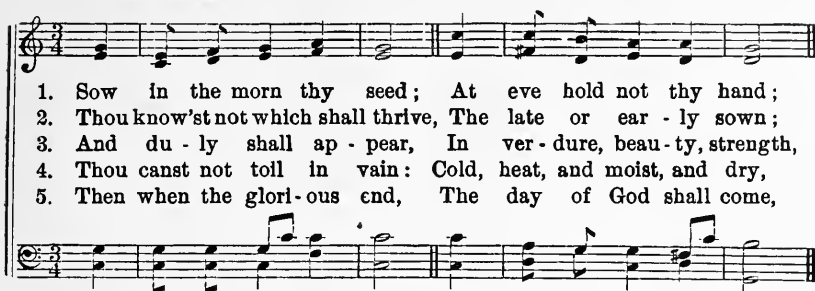
Lawrence Tulliett.

CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

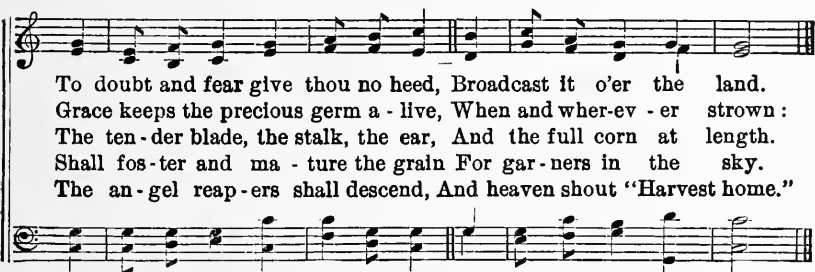
232

BOYLSTON. S. M.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;
2. Thou know'st not which shall thrive, The late or ear - ly sown;
3. And du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver - dure, beau - ty, strength,
4. Thou canst not toil in vain: Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
5. Then when the glori - ous end, The day of God shall come,



To doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broadcast it o'er the land.
Grace keeps the precious germ a - live, When and wher - ev - er strown:
The ten - der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.
The an - gel reap - ers shall descend, And heaven shout "Harvest come."

233

Watch and pray.

1. A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2. Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3. O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4. With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5. O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

234

Christian equipment.

1. EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;

CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

235

LABAN. S. M.
GEORGE HEATH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-tory won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down:
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold-ly ev - ery day, And help di-vine im-plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
He'll take thee at thy part-ing breath. To his di-vine a - bode.

236

Weigh not thy life.

1. My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
2. With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.
3. The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
4. Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Unknown.

237

The trumpet's sound.

1. HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;

Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand—
Go forth to glorious war.

2. See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh,
He bore the cross for all.

3. Go up with Christ, your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given,
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness and heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

238

LEIGHTON. S. M.

THOMAS KELLY.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATORIX.

1. A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our Lead - er is;
 2. We fol - low Thee, our Guide, Our Sav - ior, and our King;
 3. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease:
 4. This hope supports us here; It makes our bur - dens light;
 5. Till, of the prize pos - sessed, We hear of war no more;

The foe be - fore his ban - ner flies, And vic - to - ry is his.
 We fol - low Thee, through grace supplied From heaven's e - ter - nal spring.
 When we shall cast our arms a - way, And dwell in end - less peace.
 'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight.
 And ev - er with our Lead - er rest, On yon - der peaceful shore.

239

Put the armor on.

1. SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on;
 Strong in the strength which God sup -
 Through his eternal Son; [plies
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty power;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
2. Stand, then, in his great might,
 With all his strength endured;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God:
 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts passed,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
3. Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole.
 Indissolubly joined,

To battle all proceed;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ, your Head.

Charles Wesley.

240

Faith's victorious shield.

1. SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
 On faith's victorious shield;
 Armed with that adamant and gold,
 Be sure to win the field.
 If faith surround your heart
 Satan shall be subdued;
 Repelled his every fiery dart,
 And quenched with Jesus' blood.
2. Jesus hath died for you!
 What can his love withstand?
 Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand?
 Believe that Jesus reigns,
 All power to him is given;
 Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
 Believe yourselves to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

241

ARLINGTON. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THOMAS AGUSTINE ARNE.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es around Hold thee in full sur - vey;
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high;
 4. That prize with peerless glories bright, Which shall new luster boast,
 5. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun;

A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immor - tal crown.
 For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way.
 'Tis his own hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye:—
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust.
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down.

242

The triumph of the saints.

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.
6. When that illustrious day shall
 And all thy armies shine [rise,

In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

243

Not ashamed of Christ.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
2. Jesus, my God! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as his throne his promise
 And he can well secure [stands,
 What I've committed to his hands
 Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will he own my worthless
 Before his Father's face, [name
 And In the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

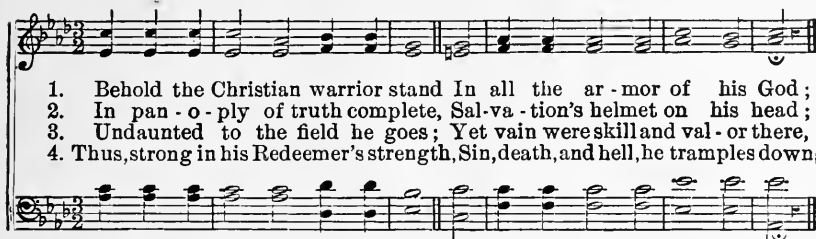
CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

244

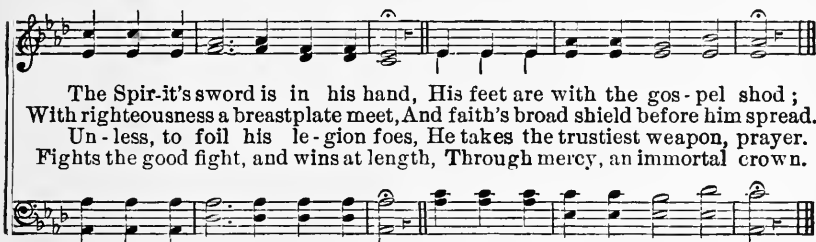
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.



1. Behold the Christian warrior stand In all the ar-mor of his God ;
2. In pan-o-ply of truth complete, Sal-va-tion's helmet on his head ;
3. Undaunted to the field he goes ; Yet vain wereskilland val-or there,
4. Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength, Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down,



The Spir-it's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gos-pel shod ;
With righteousness a breastplate meet, And faith's broad shield before him spread.
Un-less, to foil his le-gion foes, He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
Fights the good fight, and wins at length, Through mercy, an immortal crown.

245

The Christian conflict.

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy
And gird the gospel armor on ; [fears,
March to the gates of endless joy, [gone.
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Savior nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors
walt.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
Isaac Watts.

Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2. Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to
heaven.
3. There your exalted Savior see.
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.
4. To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.
5. For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside ;
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature-love is crucified.

246

His power declare.

1. YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,

6. Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.
Charles Wesley.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

247

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOMAS SHEPHERD, ALT.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free ?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here !
 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free ;
 4. O pre - cious cross ! O glorious crown ! O res - ur - rec - tion day !

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

248

A constant faith.

1. O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe !
2. That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God.
3. A faith that shines more bright and
 When tempests rage without ; [clear
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt.
4. That bears, unmoved, the world's
 dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile.
5. A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.

6. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
 Of an eternal home. [bliss
 William H. Bathurst.

249

Lord, I believe.

1. LORD, I believe thy every word,
 Thy every promise true ;
 And lo ! I wait on Thee, my Lord,
 Till I my strength renew.
2. If in this feeble flesh I may
 Awhile show forth thy praise,
 Jesus, support the tottering clay,
 And lengthen out my days.
3. If such a worm as I can spread
 The common Savior's name,
 Let him, who raised Thee from the dead,
 Quicken my mortal frame.
4. Still let me live thy blood to show,
 Which purges every stain ;
 And gladly linger out below
 A few more years in pain.

Charles Wesley.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

250

PETERBORO. C. M.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

REV. RALPH HARRISON.

1. Grant me with-in thy courts a place, A-mong thy saints a seat,
2. In thy pa-vil-lion to a-bide, When storms of trouble blow,
3. "Seek ye my face!" Without de-lay, When thus I hear Thee speak,
4. Then leave me not when griefs as-sail, And earthly com-forts flee;

For-ev-er to be-hold thy face, And wor-ship at thy feet;—
And in thy tab-er-na-cle hide, Se-cure from ev-ery foe.
My heart would leap for joy, and say, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."
When father, mother, kin-dred fail, My God, re-mem-ber me!

251

Vanity of earthly enjoyments.

1. How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.
2. The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
3. Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
4. The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
5. My Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts.

252

"I shall be with Him."

1. LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
2. If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
3. Christ leads me through no darker
Than he went through before; [rooms
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.
4. Come, Lord, when grace has made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet,
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!
5. My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

253

NAOMI. C. M.
ANNE STEELE.

HANS GEORGE NÆGELI, ARR BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
2. Give me a calm a thankful heart, From ev-ery murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend:

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:
The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end

254

Friend of souls.

1. O FRIEND of souls! how blest the
When in thy love I rest; [time
When from thy weariness I climb,
E'en to thy tender breast!
2. The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun;
And in thy pardon and thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.
3. The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.
4. And when life's fiercest storms are
Upon life's wildest sea, [sent
My little bark is confident,
Because it holdeth Thee.

Wolfgang C. Dessler.

255

Secure in the everlasting arms.

1. UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2. Nor walls nor hills could guard so
Old Salem's happy ground, [well
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3. Deal gently, Lord, with souls sin-
And lead them safely on [cere,
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.
Isaac Watts.

256

His hands securely keep.

1. FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2. His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All whom his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

Isaac Watts.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

257

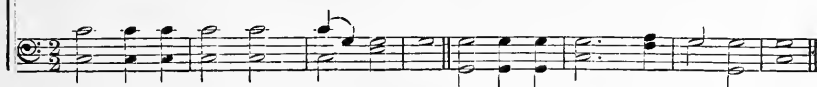
ZEPHYR. L. M.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !
2. Though long the weary way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe, O Love di - vine, for - ev - er dear ;



On Thee we cast each earth-born care ; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no dark ness dread, Our hearts still whispering "Thou art near."
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us "Thou art near."
Con - tent to suf - fer while we know, Living and dy - ing, Thou art near !



258

Come to me.

1. With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me !"
2. When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me !"
3. When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me !"
4. "Come, for all else must fall and die ;
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy portion ; come to me !"

Charlotte Elliott.

259

The heavenly race.

1. AWAKE our souls ! away, our fears !

Let every trembling thought be gone
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on !

2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless
Is ever new and ever young, [power
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4. From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

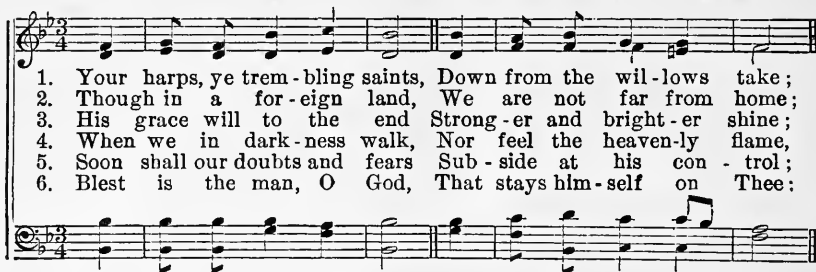
Isaac Watts.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

260

OLMUTZ. S. M.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, ALT. BY B. W. NOEL. GREGORIAN CHANT, ARR BY LOWELL MASON.



1. Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil-lows take;
2. Though in a for-ign land, We are not far from home;
3. His grace will to the end Strong-er and bright-er shine;
4. When we in dark-ness walk, Nor feel the heav-en-ly flame,
5. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub-side at his con-trol;
6. Blest is the man, O God, That stays him-self on Thee;



Loud to the praise of love di-vine Bid ev-ery string a-wake.
 And near-er to our house a-bove We ev-ery mo-ment come.
 Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di-vine.
 Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up-on his name.
 His loving-kindness shall break through The midnight of the soul.
 Who wait for thy sal-va-tion, Lord, Shall thy sal-va-tion see.

261

Through death to life.

1. O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
 Is earthly shame or loss?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be
 When we have borne the cross.
2. Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
 Christ's sufferings shared below.
3. Bright is their glory now,
 Boundless their joy above;
 Where, on the bosom of their God,
 They rest in perfect love.
4. Lord, may that grace be ours,
 Like them in faith to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief or pain,
 May be our portion here.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

262

He ruleth all things well.

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismayed;

- God hears thy sighs and counts thy
 God shall lift up thy head. [tears,
2. Through waves and clouds and
 He gently clears thy way; [storms
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
 3. Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.
 4. What though thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven and earth and hell
 Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne
 And ruleth all things well."
 5. Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command:
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand!

6. Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

263

ELLESDIE. S. 7. D.

ARR. FROM JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.

1 Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;

Nak-ed, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
D. S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heaven are still my own

Per-ish ev-ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;

The cross accepted.

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show thy face and all is bright. [me,

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called Thee "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5. Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Savior died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

264

REFUGE. 7. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

Je-sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, While the
near-er waters roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Savior, hide
Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

The only refuge.

1. JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7. D.

SIMON BUTLER MARSH.

Je-sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, } Hide me, O my Savior, hide, }
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; } Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

265

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

UNKNOWN

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to
 you he hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?

The firm foundation.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
 What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrows shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
5. "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

George Keith.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

266 LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10.

REV JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1st. 2d.

{ Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! } [Keep thou my
The night is dark, and I am far from (Omit.) } home; Lead thou me on!

feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

Lead kindly light.

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encir-
cling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from
home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for
me.
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but
now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not
past years!
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure
it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

John H. Newman.

267

Strength from the word.

1. THY word, O Lord, thy precious word
alone,
Can lead me on;
By this, until the darksome night be gone
Lead Thou me on!
Thy word is light, thy word is life and
power:
By it, oh, guide me in each trying hour!
2. Whate'er my path, led by the word,
'tis good,
Oh, lead me on!
Be my poor heart thy blessed word's
abode,
Lead Thou me on!
Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,
And leads me by thy word, close follow-
ing Thee.
3. Led by aught else, I tread a devious
way,
Oh, lead me on!
Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey,
Lead Thou me on!
My every step shall then be well defined,
And all I do according to thy mind.

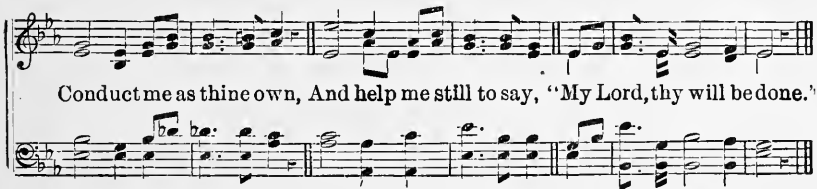
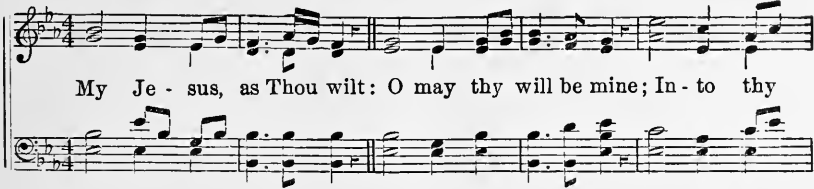
Albert Milane.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE.

268

JEWETT. 6.

ARR. FROM CARL MARIA WEBER, BY J. P. HOLBROOK.



As thou wilt.

1. My Jesus, as thou wilt:
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2. My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3. My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,

And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

269

Witnesses for God.

1. FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2. The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death.
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim,
To many a waking land,
The one availing name.

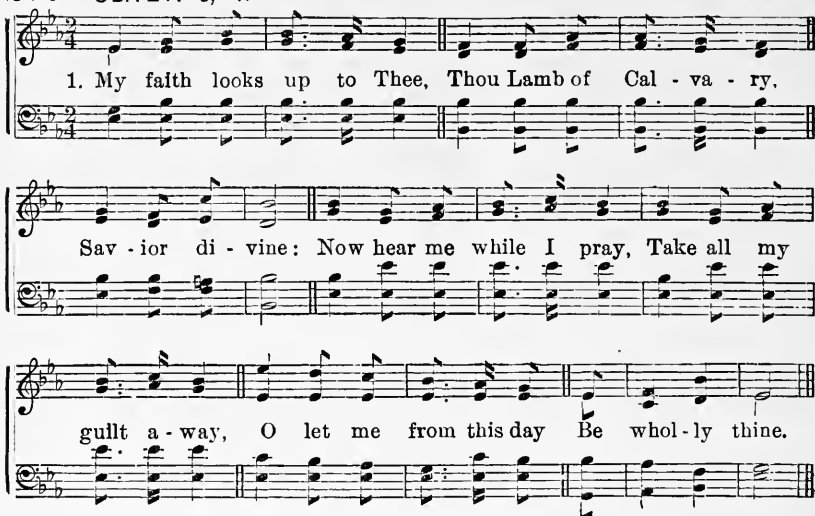
Martin Luther. Tr. by W. J. Fox.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

270

OLIVET. 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - ior di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

271

Hear my prayer.

2. May thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,—
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;

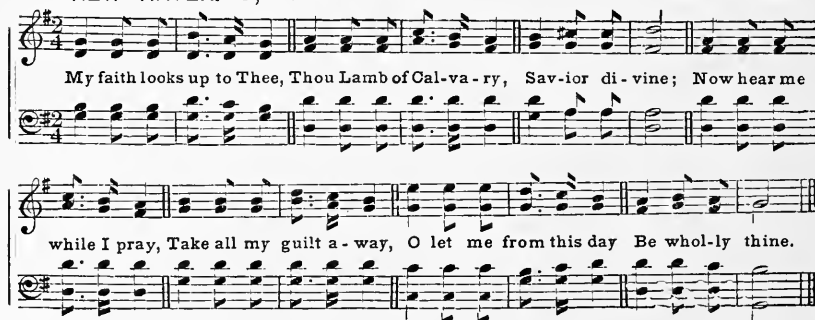
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



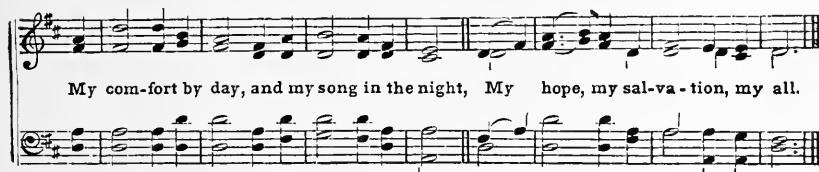
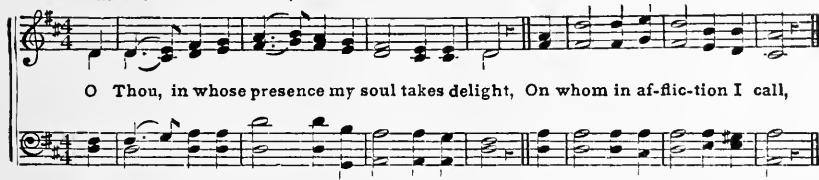
My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

272

MEDITATION. 11, 8.

FREEMAN LEWIS, ARR. BY H. P. MAIN.



My Beloved.

1. O THOU, in whose presence my soul
takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the
night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd,
resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should
I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3. O why should I wander an alien from
Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have
you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has
been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

5. He looks! and ten thousands of an-
gels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks! and eternity, filled with his
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol-
low thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou art
my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.
Joseph Swain.

273

[Tune, Boylston, S. M., Hymn 160.]
Help in prayer.

1. THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart.
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2. Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

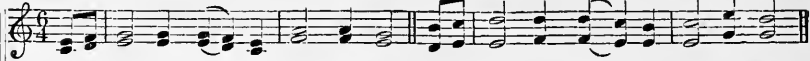
Charles Wesley.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

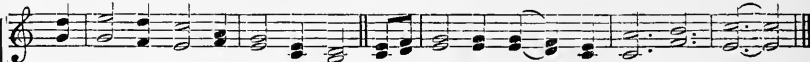
274 RETREAT. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1 From ev-ery stormy wind that blows, From ev-ery swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dismayed.
5. There, there on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy-seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suffering saints no mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

275 'Tis prayer supports the soul.

1. PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2. If pain afflict or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case still watch and pray.

3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if Thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4. Depend on him, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart.

276 The worth of prayer.

1. WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2. Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3. Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4. Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Couper.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

277 WELTON. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FROM REV. ABRAHAM HENRI CAESAR MALAN.

1. Jesus, my Savior, Brother, Friend, On whom I cast my ev - ery care,
 2. If I have tast-ed of thy grace The grace that sure sal - va - tion brings;
 3. Still let him with my weakness stay, Nor for a moment's space de - part;
 4. If to the right or left I stray, His voice be-hind me may I hear,

On whom for all things I de - pend, In spire, and then ac - cept my prayer.
 If with me now thy Spir - it stays, And, hovering, hides me in his wings,
 Ev - il and dan - ger turn a - way, And keep till he re - news my heart.
 "Re - turn, and walk in Christ, thy Way: Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

278 *The joy of loving hearts.*

1. JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts!
 Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever
 stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, all in all.

3. We taste Thee, O thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee
 fast.

5. O Jesus, ever with us stay,
 Make all our moments calm and bright;

Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world thy holy light!
Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by R. Palmer,

279 *Jesus my portion is.*

1. THOUGH all the world my choice de-
 Yet Jesus shall my portion be; [ride,
 For I am pleased with none beside,
 The fairest of the fair is he.

2. Sweet is the vision of thy face,
 And kindness o'er thy lips is shed;
 Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
 And glory beams around thy head.

3. Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
 Thy poverty and shameful cross;
 The pleasures of the world I flee,
 And deem its treasures only dross.

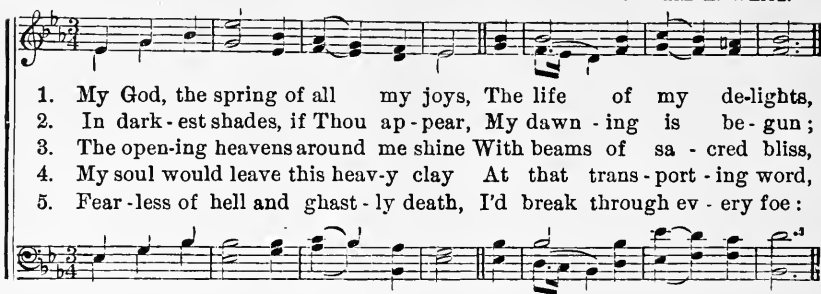
4. Be daily nearer to my heart,
 And ever let me feel Thee near;
 Then willingly with all I'd part,
 Nor count it worthy of a tear.
Gerhard Tersteegen.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

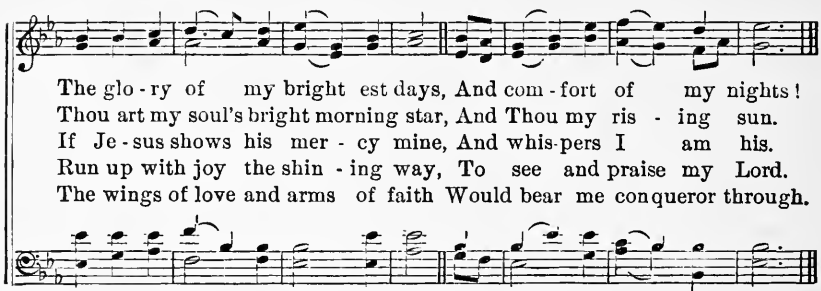
280 ROSCOE. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

EDWARD L. WHITE.



1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,
 2. In dark-est shades, if Thou ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun;
 3. The open-ing heavens around me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss,
 4. My soul would leave this heav-y clay At that trans-port-ing word,
 5. Fear-less of hell and ghash-ly death, I'd break through ev-ery foe:



The glo-ry of my bright est days, And com-fort of my nights!
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And Thou my ris-ing sun.
 If Je-sus shows his mer-cy mine, And whis-pers I am his.
 Run up with joy the shin-ing way, To see and praise my Lord.
 The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me conqueror through.

281 *Delight without alloy,*

1. O 'TIS delight without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name!
 My spirit leaps with inward joy;
 I feel the sacred flame.
2. My passlons hold a pleasing reign
 When love inspires my breast,—
 Love, the divinest of the train,
 The sovereign of the rest.
3. This is the grace must live and sing
 When faith and hope shall cease,
 And sound from every joyful string,
 Through all the realms of bliss.
4. Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
 And hasten to my home;
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
 I come, O Lord, I come.
5. Sink down, ye separating hills!
 Let sin and death remove;

'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

282 *Delightful praise.*

1. My Savior, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace?
2. I trust in thy eternal word,
 Thy goodness I adore;
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
 That I may love Thee more.
3. My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road;
 And march, with courage in thy
 To see the Lord my God. [strength,
4. Awake! awake my tuneful powers
 With this delightful song!
 And entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, alt.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

283 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

MRS. PHOEBE H. BROWN.

DEODATUS DUTTON, JR.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ery cum-bering care,
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear,
 3. I love to think on mercies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 6. Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray

And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.
 And all his prom-is-es to plead Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a-dore.
 The pros-pect doth my strength re-new While here by tem-pests driven.
 Be calm as this im-press-ive hour, And lead to end-less day.

284

Prayer.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

James Montgomery.

285

Talk with us, Lord.

1. TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
2. With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.
3. Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to
And bid my heart rejoice; [stay,
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
4. Thou callest me to seek thy face,—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.
5. Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

Charles Wesley.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

286 HOLY CROSS. C. M.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. TR. BY E. CASWALL.

UNKNOWN.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find
 3. O Hope of ev - ery con-trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav-ior of man-kind.
 To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but his loved ones know.
 In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And through e-ter - ni - ty.

287

Communion with God.

1. SWEET is the prayer whose holy
In earnest pleading flows; [stream
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
2. Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
3. But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
4. No accents flow, no words ascend,
All utterance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend
And answer silent prayer

Unknown.

288

Intercession.

1. PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
2. It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.
3. When God inclines the heart to pray
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
4. The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied;
Since he for sinners intercedes.
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

289

HENDON. 7.

JOHN CENNICK.

REV. ABRAHAM HENRI CAESAR MALAN.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As we jour ney let us sing; Sing our Savior's
 2. We are traveling home to God, In the way our fathers trod: They are happy
 3. O ye ban-ished seed, be glad; Christ our Advocate is made; Us to save our
 4. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light; Zi-on's ci - ty is in sight; There our endless
 5. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of our land; Jesus Christ, our
 6. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Gladly leav-ing all be - low; On - ly Thou our

worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways, Glorious in his works and ways.
 now, and we Soon their happiness shall see, Soon their happi-ness shall see.
 flesh as sumes, Brother to our souls be comes, Brother to our souls be-comes.
 home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see, There our Lord we soon shall see.
 Fa-ther's Son, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on.
 Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee, And we still will fol-low Thee.

290

God is everywhere.

1. THEY who seek the throne of grace,
 Find that throne in every place;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

2. In our sickness or our health,
 In our want or in our wealth;
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

3. When our earthly comforts fall,
 When the foes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
 God is present everywhere.

4. Then, my soul, in every straight,
 To thy Father come and wait;
 He will answer every prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, alt.

291

Kindly care.

1. God of love, who hearest prayer,

Kindly for thy people care,
 Who on Thee alone depend:
 Love us, save us to the end.

2. Save us, in the prosperous hour,
 From the flattering tempter's power;
 From his unsuspecting wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.

3. Save us from the great and wise,
 Till they sink in their own eyes;
 Tamely to thy yoke submit,
 Lay their honor at thy feet.

4. Never let the world break in,
 Fix a mighty gulf between;
 Keep us little and unknown,
 Prized and loved by God alone.

5. Let us still to thee look up,
 Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
 Nothing know, or seek, beside
 Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

292

MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6, 4, 6.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, Hear Thou the prayer I make,
More love to Thee! On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea, More love to Thee,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.

More love to Thee.

2. Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

3. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise.
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

293

BETHANY 6, 4, 6.

LOWELL MASON.

1st. Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee, E'en though it be a cross [Omit.] That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, D.C. Nearer, my God, to Thee, [Omit.] Nearer to Thee!
2d. [Nearer, my God, to Thee,] That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, D.C. Nearer, my God, to Thee, [Omit.] Nearer to Thee!
Fine. R.C.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

2. Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5. Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Mrs Sarah F. Adams.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

294 FADE, FADE, EACH EARTHLY JOY. 6, 4, 6. THEODORE E. PERKING.

Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Jesus is mine. Break every tender tie; Je - sus is mine.

Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place, Jesus alone can bless; Je - sus is mine.

Jesus is mine.

1. FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2. Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell mortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,

Welcome, my Savior's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Horathus Bonnar.

295 *Something for Thee.*

1. SAVIOR! thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2. O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3. Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some sinful wand'rer won,
Something for Thee.

S. Dryden Phelps.

COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

296

NETTLETON. 8, 7. D

UNKNOWN.

{ Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove ;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of thy re-deem-ing love!

Fount of blessing.

1. COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace.
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of thy redeeming love!
2. Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
3. O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,

Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

297

Timely aid implored.

1. FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more,
 Mighty God of my salvation,
 I thy timely aid implore.
 Suffering Son of man, be near me,
 In my sufferings to sustain ;
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.
2. By thy most severe temptation
 In that dark Satanic hour,
 By thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power.
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy dreadful death, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon ;
 Take my sins and fears away.

Charles Wesley.

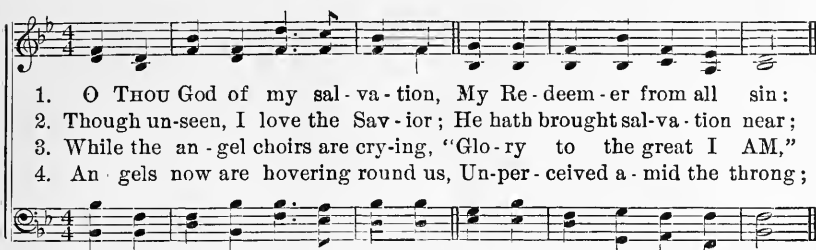
COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

298

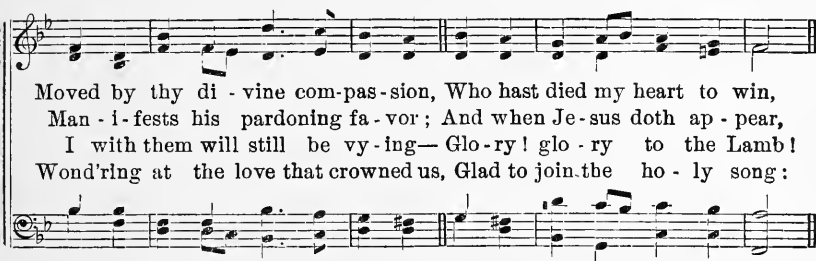
REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 4. OR 8, 7, D.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

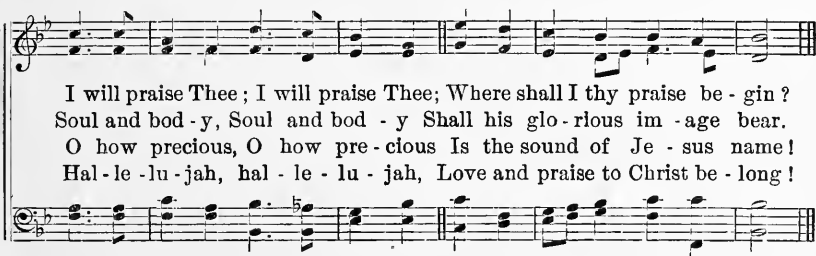
HENRY SMART.



1. O THOU God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin ;
 2. Though un - seen, I love the Sav - ior ; He hath brought sal - va - tion near ;
 3. While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing, "Glo - ry to the great I AM,"
 4. An - gels now are hovering round us, Un - per - ceived a - mid the throng ;



Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
 Man - i - fests his pardon - ing fa - vor ; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,
 I with them will still be vy - ing— Glo - ry ! glo - ry to the Lamb !
 Wond'ring at the love that crowned us, Glad to join the ho - ly song :



I will praise Thee ; I will praise Thee ; Where shall I thy praise be - gin ?
 Soul and bod - y, Soul and bod - y Shall his glo - rious im - age bear.
 O how precious, O how pre - cious Is the sound of Je - sus name !
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be - long !

299

Hallelujah.

1. PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
 To his feet my tribute bring ;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Evermore his praises sing :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Praise the everlasting King.
2. Praise him for his grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress ;
 Praise him, still the same as ever,

Slow to chide and swift to bless :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Glorious in his faithfulness.

3. Father-like, he tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame he knows ;
 In his hands he gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry F. Lyte and Sir Henry W. Baker.

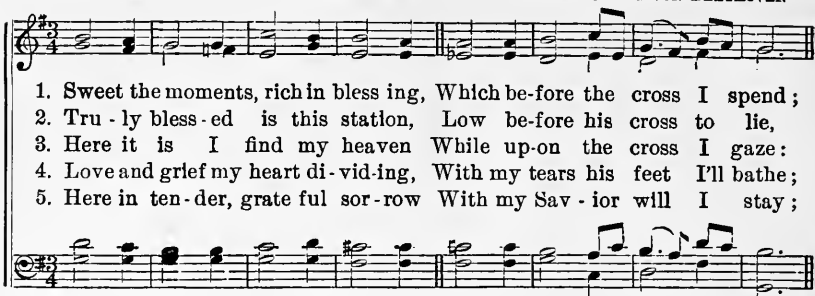
COMMUNION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

300

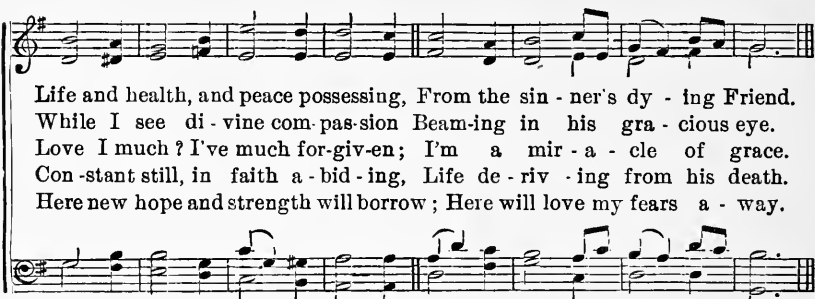
DULCETTA. 8, 7.

JAMES ALLEN, ALT. BY WALTER SHIRLEY.

FROM LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN



1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend ;
 2. Tru - ly bless - ed is this station, Low be-fore his cross to lie,
 3. Here it is I find my heaven While up-on the cross I gaze :
 4. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 5. Here in ten - der, grate ful sor - row With my Sav - ior will I stay ;



Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
 While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Beam - ing in his gra - cious eye.
 Love I much ? I've much for - giv - en ; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
 Con - stant still, in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.
 Here new hope and strength will borrow ; Here will love my fears a - way.

301

Vain are worldly pleasures.

1. VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures,
Mixed with dross the purest gold ;
Seek we, then, for heavenly treasures,
Treasures never waxing old.
2. Let our best affections center
On the things around the throne ;
There no thief can ever enter,
Moth and rust are there unknown.
3. Earthly joys no longer please us,
Here would we renounce them all ;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
4. Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above ;

Bids us look for his appearing,
Bids us triumph in his love.

5. May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
6. Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

David E. Ford.

Doxology.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises

To Jehovah, Three in One !

William Goode.

THE CHURCH.

302

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands; } Mourning

captive! God himself shall loose thy bands,
 Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

Great deliverance for Zion.

2. Has thy night been long and mourn-ful?

Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee,
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now is past;
 God, thy Savior, will defend thee,
 Victory is thine at last:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly.

303

God is with thee.

1. ZION stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!

2. Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,

Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more
 But can never cease to love thee, [bright;
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

304

[Tune, St. Thomas S. M. Hymn 217.]

I love thy church.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode;
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before Thee stand;
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

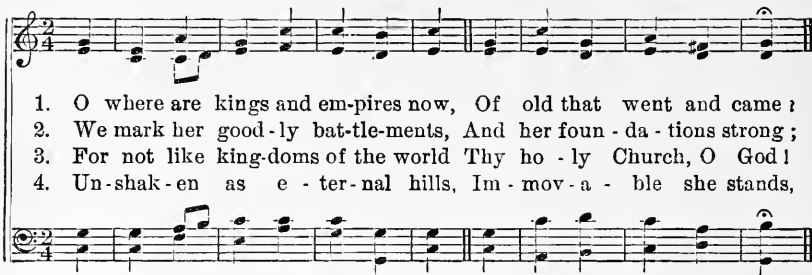
Timothy Dwight.

THE CHURCH.

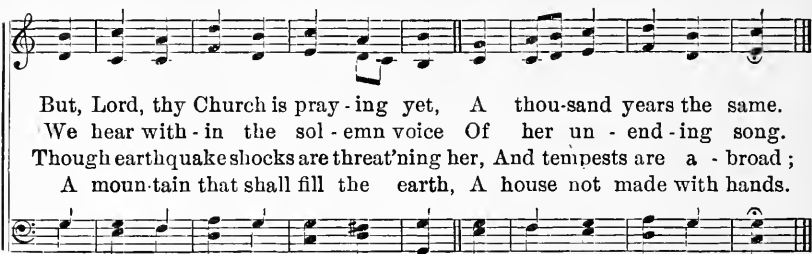
305

ST. ANN'S. C. M.
A. CLEVELAND CONE.

WILLIAM CROFT.



1. O where are kings and em-pires now, Of old that went and came ;
2. We mark her good - ly bat-tle-ments, And her foun - da - tions strong ;
3. For not like king-doms of the world Thy ho - ly Church, O God !
4. Un-shak-en as e - ter-nal hills, Im - mov-a - ble she stands,



But, Lord, thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same.
We hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song.
Though earthquake shocks are threat'ning her, And tempests are a - broad ;
A moun-tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made with hands.

306

The sure foundation.

1. BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name,
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
3. The foolish builders, scribe and
Reject it with disdain; [priest,
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
4. What though the gates of hell with-
Yet must this building rise; [stood,
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

307

Thy praise.

1. HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;

Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2. The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
3. Thee in thy glorious realm they
And bow before thy throne ; [praise,
We in the kingdom of thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.
4. The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise ;
For he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

THE CHURCH.

308 HARWELL. S, 7.

LCWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God ; }
 { He, whose word cannot be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode ; }
 D.C. With salva - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

D.C.

On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose ?
 On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose ?

Zion, city of God.

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode ;
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows our thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near !
 He who gives us daily manna,
 He who listens when we cry,
 Let him hear the loud hosanna
 Rising to his throne on high.

John Newton.

309

God her everlasting light.

1. HEAR what God the Lord hath
 O my people, faint and few, [spoken:
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls " Salvation,"
 And your gates shall all be " Praise."

2. There, like streams that feed the gar -
 Pleasures without end shall flow, [den,
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow.
 Still, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3. Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

William Cowper.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

310

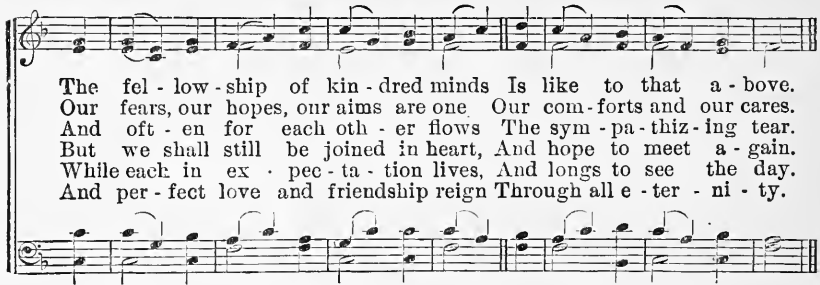
DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN F. WETT

HANS GEORGE NÆGELL.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love ;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers ;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear ;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain ;
 5. This glor - ious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way ;
 6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free ;



The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
 And per - fect love and friendship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

311

Reunion.

1. AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give
 For his redeeming grace.
 Preserved by power divine
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.

2. What troubles have we seen,
 What conflicts have we passed!
 Fightings without and fears within,
 Since we assembled last!
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

3. Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,

Till we can sin no more.
 Let us take up the cross
 Till we the crown obtain;
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

312

Sweet communion.

1. BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled
 Make their communion sweet. [vows,

3. Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy like morning dew distills,
 And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

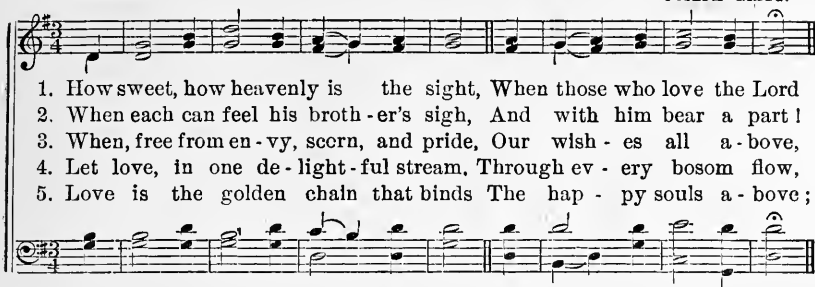
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

313

GRIGG. C. M.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

JOSEPH GRIGG.



1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part!
3. When, free from en-vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a-bove,
4. Let love, in one de-light-ful stream, Through ev-ery bosom flow,
5. Love is the golden chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove;



In one an-oth-er's peace-de-light, And so ful-fill his word!
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart!
Each can his brother's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love!
And un-ion sweet, and dea-res-teem, In ev-ery ac-tion glow.
And he's an heir of heaven who finds His bo-som glow with love.

314

Helpful fellowship.

1. TRY us, O God, and search the
Of every sinful heart; [ground
Whate'er of sin in us is found
O bid it all depart.
2. If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
3. Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
4. Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
5. Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,

Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

Charles Wesley.

315

United in praise.

1. LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
2. To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King,
The King is now our friend!
3. We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
4. O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

Charles Wesley.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

316 DUKE STREET. L. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Brethren in Christ, and well be - loved, To Je - sus and his ser - vants dear,
2. Welcome from earth : lo, the right hand Of fel - low - ship to you we give !
3. Je - sus, at - tend ; thy - self re - veal ; Are we not met in thy great name ?
4. Tru - ly our fel - low - ship be - low With Thee and with the Fa - ther is :
5. Though but in part we know Thee here, We wait thy coming from a - bove,

En - ter, and show yourselves ap - proved En - ter, and find that God is here.
With open hearts and hands we stand, And you in Je - sus' name re - ceive.
Thee in the midst we wait to feel ; We wait to catch the spreading flame.
In Thee e - ter - nal life we know, And heaven's un - ut - ter - able bliss.
And we shall then be - hold Thee near, And be for - ev - er lost in love.

317 *Come in, heavenly Guest.*

1. SAVIOR of all, to Thee we bow,
And own Thee faithful to thy word ;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.
2. Come in, come in, Thou heavenly
Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given ;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.
3. Smell the sweet odor of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve ;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.
4. Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

Charles Wesley.

318 *The sanctifying word.*

1. JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.
2. The few that truly call Thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And Thee their utmost Savior own,—
Unite and perfect them in one.
3. O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.
4. In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

Charles Wesley.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

319

MEAR. C. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Je - sus, great Shepherd of the sheep, To Thee for help we fly;
2. Us in - to thy pro - tec - tion take, And gather with thine arm;
3. We laugh to scorn his cru - el power While by our Shepherd's side;
4. O do not suf - fer him to part The souls that here a - gree:
5. To - geth - er let us sweet - ly live, To - geth - er let us die;

Thy lit tle flock in safe - ty keep, For O, the wolf is nigh!
Un - less the fold we first for - sake, The wolf can nev - er harm.
The sheep he nev - er can de - vour, Un - less he first di - vide.
But make us of one mind and heart, And keep us one in Thee.
And each a star - ry crown re - ceive, And reign a - bove the sky.

320

United by grace.

1. JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
2. Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
3. Make us into one spirit drink,
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.
4. Touched by the loadstone of thy love
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward Thee.

Charles Wesley.

321

Common fellowship.

1. ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,

And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2. He bids us build each other up,
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.
3. The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.
4. We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.
5. And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round the throne we meet.

Charles Wesley.


THE MINISTRY.

322


ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



1. Let Zi - on's watch - men all a - wake, And take th' alarm they give;
2. 'Tis not a cause of small im - port The pas - tor's care de - mands;
3. They watch for souls for which the Lord Did heav - en - ly bliss fore - go;
4. May they that Je - sus, whom they preach, Their own Re - deem - er see;



Now let them from the mouth of God Their solemn charge re - ceive.
But what might fill an an - gel's heart, And filled a Sav - ior's hands.
For souls which must for - ev - er live In rapt - ures or in woe.
And watch Thou dai - ly o'er their souls, That they may watch for Thee.

323

The word of mercy.

1. JESUS the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
2. Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.
3. As giants may they run their race
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.
4. As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their luster still increase,
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley

To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart,
The friends of Jesus are.

2. O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.
3. The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.
4. O that our heart and mind
May evermore ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.
5. Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

Charles Wesley.

324

[Tune, Olmutz, S. M., Hymn 260.]

In Jesus' work.

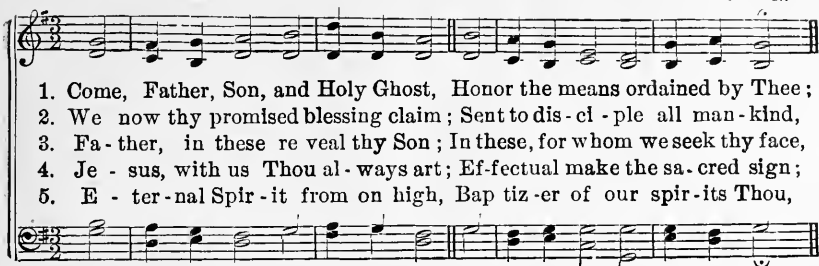
1. AND let our bodies part,

BAPTISM.

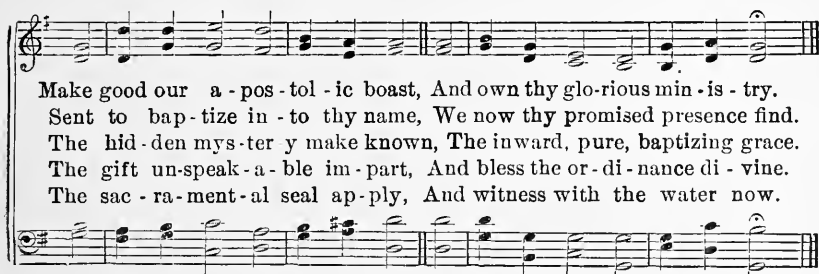
325

ROCKINGHAM, L. M.
CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Honor the means ordained by Thee ;
2. We now thy promised blessing claim ; Sent to dis-ci-ple all man-kind,
3. Fa-ther, in these re-veal thy Son ; In these, for whom we seek thy face,
4. Je-sus, with us Thou al-ways art ; Ef-fectual make the sa-cred sign ;
5. E-ter-nal Spir-it from on high, Bap-tiz-er of our spir-its Thou,



Make good our a-pos-tol-ic boast, And own thy glo-rious min-is-try.
Sent to bap-tize in-to thy name, We now thy promised presence find.
The hid-den mys-ter-y make known, The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
The gift un-speak-a-ble im-part, And bless the or-di-nance di-vine.
The sac-ra-ment-al seal ap-ply, And witness with the water now.

326

Baptism of a child.

1. THIS child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity !
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2. O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3. We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite ;
And would renew its solemn vow,
With love, and thanks, and praises now.

4. Grant that, with true and faithful
heart,
We still may act the Christian's part ;
Cheered by each promise Thou hast giv-
And laboring for thy prize in heaven [en.
Tr. by S. Gilman.

327

Baptismal hymn.

1. I AM baptized into thy name,
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost !
Among thy seed a place I claim,
Among thy consecrated host.

2. My loving Father, here dost Thou
Proclaim me as thy child and heir ;
Thou, faithful Savior, bid'st me now
The fruit of all thy sorrows share.

3. Till at thy will this life is o'er,
Still keep me in thy faithful host,
And never let me waver more,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
J. J. Rambach. Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth. Arr.

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow ;

Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

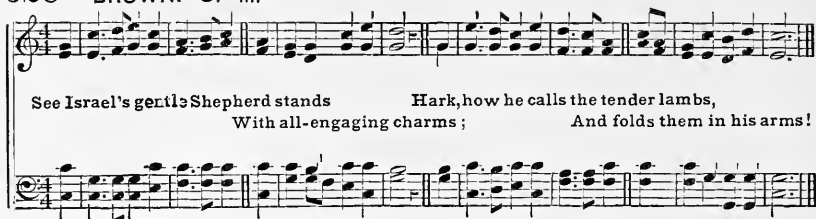
Thomas Ken.

BAPTISM.

328

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



He calls the lambs.

1. SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful
And yield them up to Thee; [hands,
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

329

The solemn confession.

1. PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my won-
To all the sons of men; [drous grace
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.
2. Let plenteous grace descend on
Who, hoping in thy word, [those,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.
3. With cheerful feet may they ad-
And run the Christian race; [vance,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

James Newton.

330

The outward seal.

1. O LORD, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do Thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

2. Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.
3. And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.
4. Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptized in thine, we own thy claim,
As ransomed by thy blood.
5. Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep his temple pure,
And make thy grace our only boast,
And by thy strength endure.

Mary P. Bowly.

331

Children in the arms of Jesus.

1. BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To little children he extends
The riches of his grace.
2. He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Our infants in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
3. Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.
4. With flowing tears, and thankful
We give them up to Thee; [thanks,
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

John Peacock, Augustus M. Toplady.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

332 [Tune, Communion, C. M., Hymn 105.]
The table of the Lord.

1. THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
2. Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.
3. Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
4. All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name
Philip Doddridge.

333 [Tune, Ortonville, C. M., Hymn 118.]
The tokens of thy love.

1. JESUS, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.
2. The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.
3. The cup of blessing, blest by Thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.
4. The living bread sent down from
In us vouchsafe to be: [heaven,
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by Thee.
Charles Wesley.

334 [Tune, Heber, C. M., Hymn 119.]
He died for me.

1. THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have
And to remember Thee: [met,
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me he died, for me!"
3. Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred
To our remembrance brings; [sign

We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for Thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!"

Joseph Hart.

335 [Tune, Autumn, 8, 7, D., Hymn 114.]
He the banquet spreads.

1. JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet, bread of heaven,
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee.
2. In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree,
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember Thee.
Roswell Park.

336 [Tune, Manoa, C. M., Hymn 95.]
I will remember Thee.

1. ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
2. Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamentary cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
3. Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
5. Remember Thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
6. And when these failing lips grow
And mind and memory flee, [dumb,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!
James Montgomery.

MISSIONS.

337 WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

The morning light is breaking; The sons of earth are waking
The darkness disappears; To penitential tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Of nations in commotion,
Brings tidings from afar, Prepared for Zion's war.

The light is breaking.

1. THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow Thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

338

Good tidings.

1. How beauteous on the mountains
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2. Lift up thy voice, O watchman;
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3. Break forth in hymns of gladness,
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth, the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough.

MISSIONS.

339

WATCHMAN. 7. D.

LOWELL MASON.

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry - beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, promised day of Is - ra - el.

Signs of promise.

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home!

Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring.

340

The universal reign.

1. HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
2. Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
3. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

MISSIONS.

341 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1st. 2d.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, }
Where Afric's sunny fountains (omit) } Roll down their golden sand,—
[From many an

ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain

They call us to deliver.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain

Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber.

342

The Lord's anointed.

1. HAIL, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2. He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light;
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3. He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

James Montgomery.

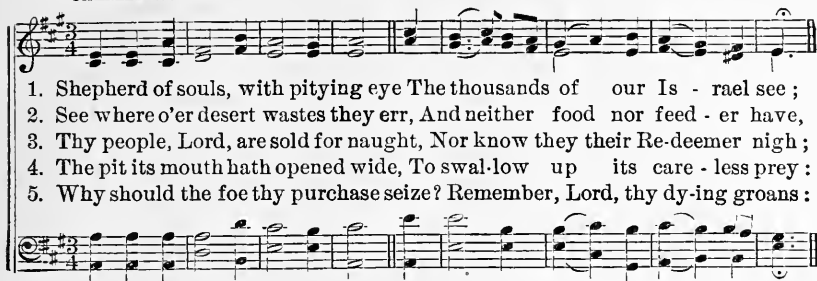
MISSIONS.

343

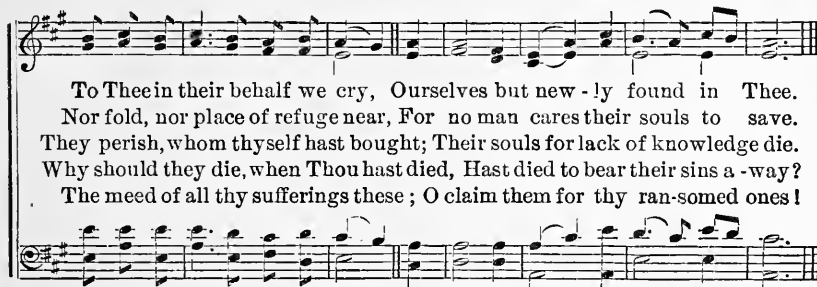
MIGDOL. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye The thousands of our Is - rael see ;
2. See where o'er desert wastes they err, And neither food nor feed - er have,
3. Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught, Nor know they their Re - deemer nigh ;
4. The pit its mouth hath opened wide, To swal - low up its care - less prey :
5. Why should the foe thy purchase seize? Remember, Lord, thy dy - ing groans :



To Thee in their behalf we cry, Ourselves but new - ly found in Thee.
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near, For no man cares their souls to save.
They perish, whom thyself hast bought; Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
Why should they die, when Thou hast died, Hast died to bear their sins a - way?
The meed of all thy sufferings these ; O claim them for thy ran - somed ones !

344

Jesus shall reign.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. From north and south the princes
To pay their homage at his feet ; [meet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
3. To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.
4. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts.

345

For all nations.

1. HEAD of the Church, whose Spirit
fills
And flows through every faithful soul,

Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole.

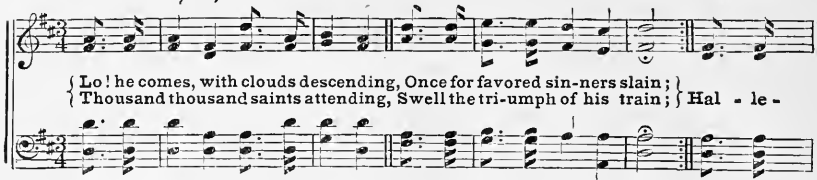
2. "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit
cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan ;
"Come, Lord," the bride on earth re -
plies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."
3. Pour out the promised gift on all ;
Answer the universal "Come !" ·
The fullness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.
4. To Thee let all the nations flow ;
Let all obey the gospel word ;
Let all their bleeding Savior know,
Filled with the glory of the Lord.
5. O, for thy truth's and mercy's sake,
The purchase of thy passion claim ;
Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
And cause the world to know thy
name.

Charles Wesley.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

346 ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



{ Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sin-ners slain ; }
{ Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the tri-umph of his train ; } Hal - le -



lu - jah ! God ap-pears on earth to reign, Hal-le - lu - jah ! God ap-pears on earth to reign.

Christ appears again.

1. Lo ! he comes, with clouds descend-
Once for favored sinners slain ; [ing,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

2. Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3. Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on thy eternal throne ;
Savior, take the power and glory ;
Claim the Kingdom for thine own :
Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God, come down .

Charles Wesley.

347

Christ is coming.

1. CHRIST is coming ! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase ;
Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2. Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign ;
Christ is coming !
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3. Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee,
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see ;
Christ is coming !
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4. With that " blessed hope " before us
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.
Christ is coming !
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !
John R. Macduff.

348

Our cheering hope.

1. SAVIOR, hasten thine appearing,
Take thy waiting people home !
'Tis this hope, our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till Thou shalt come.

2. Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain ;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When Thou shalt in glory reign,
And, like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again ?

3. Reign, O reign, almighty Savior !
Heaven and earth in one unite ;
Make it known, that in thy favor
There alone is life and light.
When we see Thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.

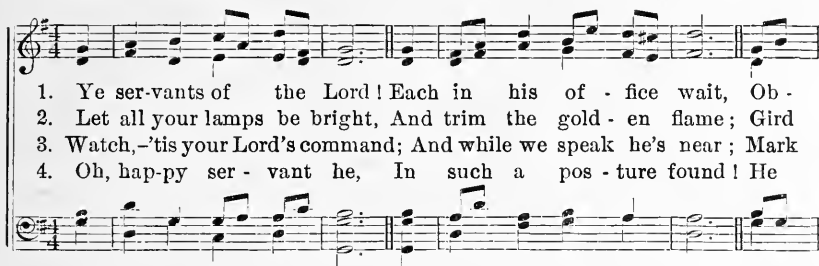
James G. Deck.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

349

SHIRLAND. S. M.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. Ye ser-vants of the Lord! Each in his of-fice wait, Ob-
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold-en flame; Gird
3. Watch, -'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak he's near; Mark
4. Oh, hap-py ser-vant he, In such a pos-ture found! He



serv-ant of his heav-en-ly word, And watch-ful at his gate.
up your loins as in his sight, For aw-ful is his name.
the first sig-nal of his hand, And read-y all ap-pear.
shall his Lord with rapt-ure see, And be with honor crowned.

350

The hidden life.

1. Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

2. When he who is our life
Appears to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like his own.

3. He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails;
His fullness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

4. Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life,
We live for evermore.

5. Like him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified:

For we shall see him as he is,
And in his light abide.

Horatius Bonar.

351

Eternal Lord.

1. O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power
And o'er the nations reign.
The world's desire and hope,
All power to Thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up.
Eternal Lord of heaven!

2. A gracious Savior, Thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to Thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
According to thy word
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord
Let all the earth be filled.

Charles Wesley.

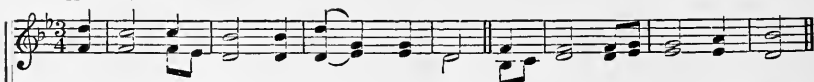
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

352

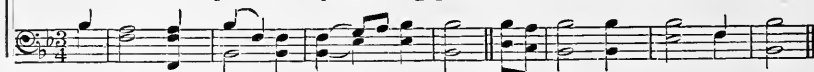
CHINA. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

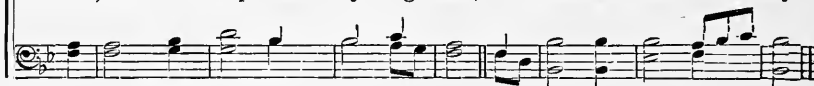
TIMOTHY SWAN.



1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, My ears, at - tend the cry ;
2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers ;
3. Great God! is this our cer - tain doom? And are we still se - cure?
4. Grant us the power of quickening grace To fit our souls to fly ;



"Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short ly lie.
The tall, the wise, the rev - erend head, Must lie as low as ours."
Still walk - ing down - ward to the tomb, And yet pre - pared no more?
Then, when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll rise a - bove the sky.



353

We mourn but in hope.

1. WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
4. The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;

Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts.

354

Triumph o'er the grave.

1. My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
And on the clouds shall come.
2. I know that he shall soon appear,
In power and glory meet.
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.
3. Then, though the grave my flesh
And hold me for its prey, [devour,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last Judgment Day.
4. I in my flesh shall see my God,
When he on earth shall stand;
I shall with all his saints ascend,
To dwell at his right hand.

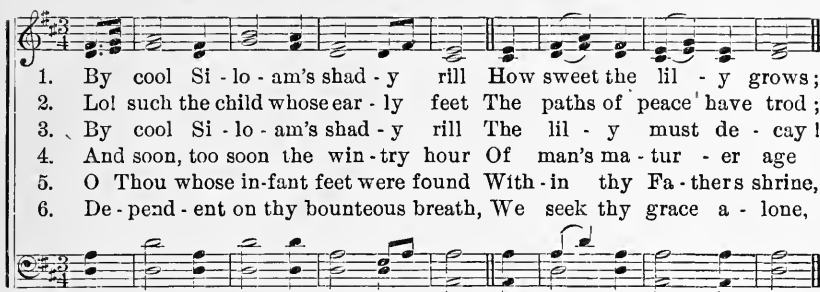
Anon.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

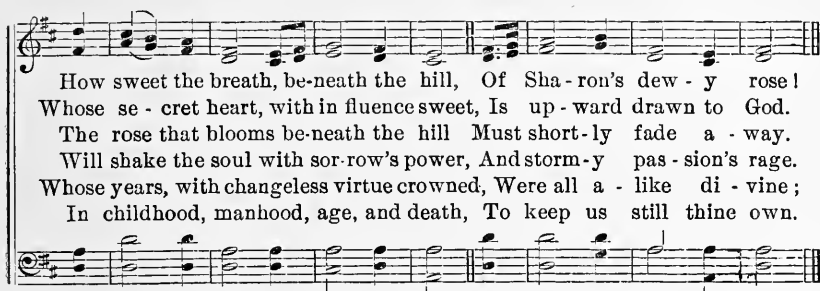
355

SILOAM. C. M.
REGINALD HEBER.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows;
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of 'peace' have trod;
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay!
4. And soon, too soon the win - try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age
5. O Thou whose in - fant feet were found With - in thy Fa - thers shrine,
6. De - pend - ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace a - lone,



How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sor - row's power, And storm - y pas - sion's rage.
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned, Were all a - like di - vine;
In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

356

A plant of paradise.

1. WHO shall forbid our chastened
Our tears of love to start? [woe,
There's balm in their assuaging flow,
To heal the wounded heart!
2. This lovely child, thus early torn
From our fond breasts away,
With silent grief is gently borne
To its lone bed of clay.
3. Here sleep thou, till our longer race
And heavier toils shall close;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.
4. We plant thee here, with tears be-
Bright flower of heavenly dye; [dew'd,
And often shall our griefs renewed,
These flowing founts supply.
5. But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of paradise;

And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies.

William Hunter.

357

He takes the lambs.

1. THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
2. Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
3. "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
4. "Death may the bands of life un-
But can't dissolve my love; [loose,
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above." *Samuel Stennett.*

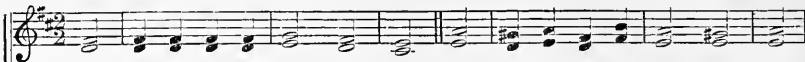
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

358

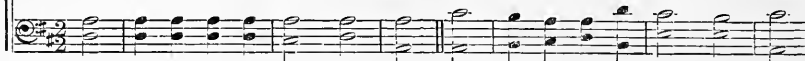
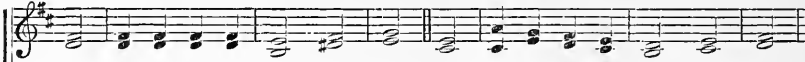
ASHWELL. L. M.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, ALT.

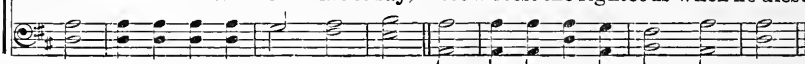
LOWELL MASON.



1. How blest the righteous when he dies ! When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest ;
2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way ; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death destroys ;
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
5. Life's la-bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spr - it flies !

How mild-ly beams the clos-ing eyes, How gently heaves the expiring breast ;
 So gent - ly shuts the eye of day ; So dies a wave a - long the shore.
 And naught disturbs that peace profound, Which his unfettered soul en - joys.
 How bright the unchanging morn appears. Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
 While heaven and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies !"



359

Rest here, blest saint.

1. UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
3. So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave and blest the
 bed ;
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break and pierce the
 shade.
4. Break' from his throne, illustrious
 morn !
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word !
 Restore thy trust ; a glorious form
 Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

360

Earthly things transient and vain.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies !
 How transient every earthly bliss !
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this !
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
 The glory of a passing hour.
3. But though earth's fairest blossoms
 And all beneath the skies is vain, [die,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
4. Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares and chase our fears ;
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of
 tears.

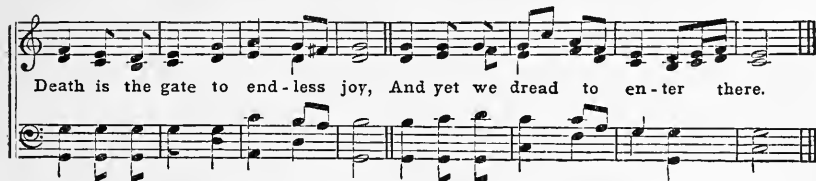
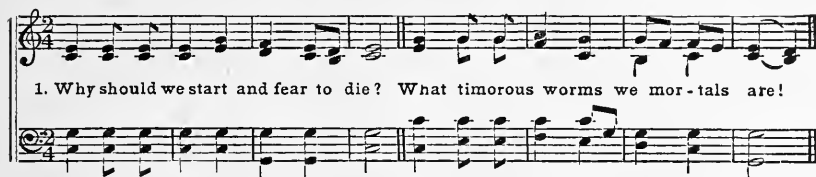
David E. Ford.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

361

BRISTOL. L. M.

EDWARD L. WHITE.



The gate to endless joy.

1. WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, the dying
strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in
haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

362

How frail I am.

1. ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2. My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3. Vain his ambition, noise and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his
mind:

He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4. O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

Anne Steele.

363

The parting hour.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2. Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest, [power,
When faith, endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3. Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5. Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to
To sink into that soft repose, [bless?
Then wake to perfect happiness?

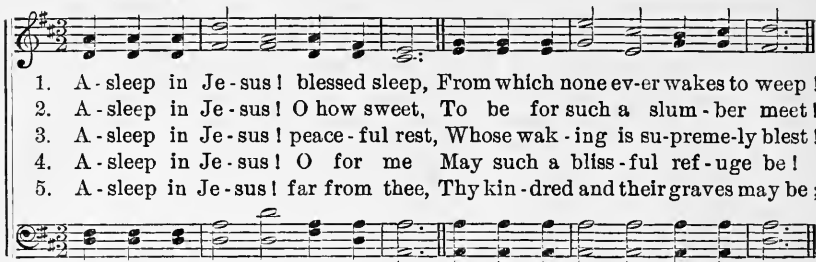
William H. Bathurst.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

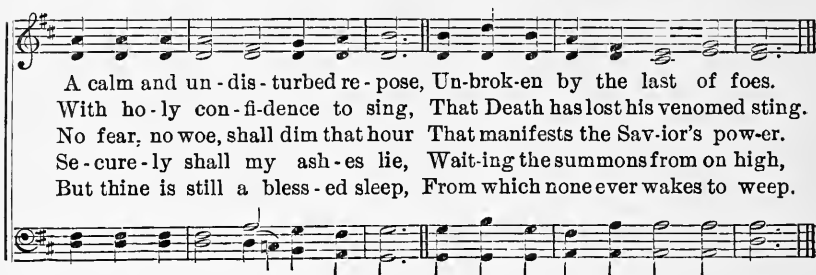
364 REST. L. M.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
 2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet, To be for such a slum-ber meet!
 3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly blest!
 4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!
 5. A-sleep in Je-sus! far from thee, Thy kin-dred and their graves may be;



A calm and un-dis-turbed re- pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
 With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That Death has lost his venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Sav-ior's pow-er.
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high,
 But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

365

Death vanquished.

1. SHALL man, O God of light and life,
 Forever molder in the grave?
 Canst Thou forget thy glorious work,
 Thy promise, and thy power to save?
2. In those dark, silent realms of night,
 Shall peace and hope no more arise?
 No future morning light the tomb,
 Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
3. Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding
 fears:
 When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
 sprang,
 Death, the last foe, was captive led,
 And heaven with praise and wonder
 rang.
4. Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
 Unfold, to make his children way;
 They shall be clothed with endless life,
 And shine in everlasting day.

Timothy Dwight.

366

Walk with me.

1. SHRINKING from the cold hand of
 I soon shall gather up my feet; [death,

Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die, my father's God to meet.

2. Numbered among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see:
 Because Thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me!
3. O that without a lingering groan
 I may the welcome word receive;
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live.
4. Walk with me through the dreadful
 shade,
 And, certified that Thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismayed,
 I shall into thy hands resign.
5. No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall damp whom Jesus' presence
 cheers:
 My Light, my Life, my God is come,
 And glory in his face appears.

Charles Wesley.

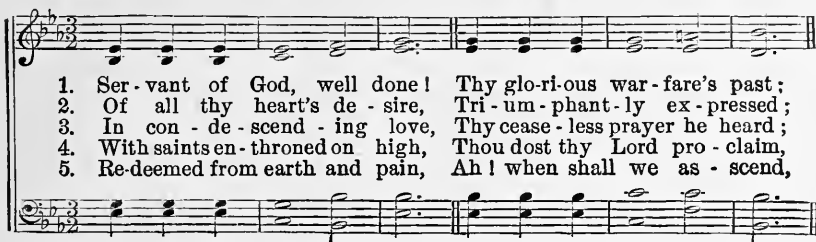
DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

367

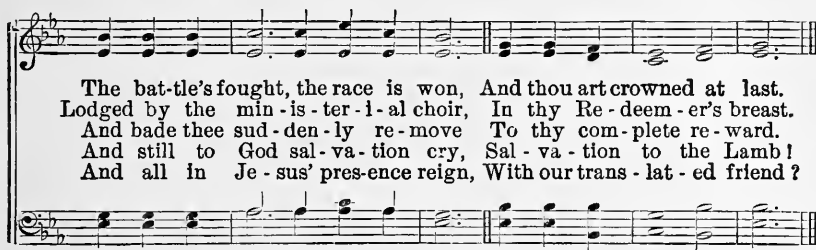
CAPELLO. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Ser-vant of God, well done! Thy glo-ri-ous war-fare's past;
2. Of all thy heart's de-sire, Tri-um-phantly ex-pressed;
3. In con-de-scent-ing love, Thy cease-less prayer he heard;
4. With saints en-throned on high, Thou dost thy Lord pro-claim,
5. Re-deemed from earth and pain, Ah! when shall we as-scend,



The bat-tle's fought, the race is won, And thou art crowned at last.
 Lodged by the min-is-ter-i-al choir, In thy Re-deem-er's breast.
 And bade thee sud-den-ly re-move To thy com-plete re-ward.
 And still to God sal-va-tion cry, Sal-va-tion to the Lamb!
 And all in Je-sus' pres-ence reign, With our trans-lat-ed friend?

368

Not death to die.

1. It is not death to die,—
 To leave this weary road,
 And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.
2. It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose,
 To spend eternal years.
3. It is not death to bear
 The wrench that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.
4. It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
 To live among the just.
5. Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
 Thy chosen cannot die!
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high.

Abraham H. C. Malan, Tr. by G. W. Bethune.

369

I shall live.

1. AND must this body die,
 This well-wrought frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?
2. God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust
 Till he shall bid it rise.
3. Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape and every face
 Be heavenly and divine.
4. These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to thy dying love:
 O may we bless thy grace below,
 And sing thy grace above!
5. Savior, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

370

REQUIEM. 6, 8, 8.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Friend aft-er friend de-parts : Who hath not lost a friend ? There is no
 2. Be-yond the flight of time, Be-yond this vale of death, There sure-ly
 3. There is a world a-bove, Where parting is un-known ; A whole e-
 4. Thus star by star de-clines, Till all are passed a-way, As morning

un-ion here of hearts That finds not here an end : Were this frail
 is some bless-ed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's af-
 ter-ni-ty of love, Formed for the good a-lone : And faith be-
 high and high-er shines, To pure and per-fect day ; Nor sink those

world our on-ly rest, Liv-ing or dy-ing, none were blest.
 fec-tion tran-sient fire, Whose sparks fly up-ward to ex-pire.
 holds the dy-ing here Trans-lat-ed to that hap-piersphere.
 stars in emp-ty night ; They hide themselves in heaven's own light

371

TALMAR. 8, 7.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. Je-sus, while our hearts are bleed-ing O'er the spoils that death has won,
 2. Tho' cast down, we're not for-sak-en ; Tho' af-flict-ed, not a-lone.
 3. Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning, Mer-cy still is on the throne.
 4. By thy hands the boon was giv-en ; Thou hast tak-en but thine own :

We would at this sol-lemn meet-ing, Calm-ly say, "Thy will be done."
 Thou didst give, and Thou hast tak-en ; Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."
 With thy smiles of love re-turn-ing, We can sing, "Thy will be done."
 Lord of earth, and God of heav-en, Evermore, "Thy will be done."

THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

372

MERIBAH C. P. M.

LOWELL MAFON.

When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall

I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, } Befound at thy right hand?
{ Whoso sometimes am afraid to die, }

Before the Judge.

1. WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge,
shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?
2. I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?
3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be Thou my only hiding place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4. Among thy saints let me be found,
When'er the archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

373

Eternal things impress.

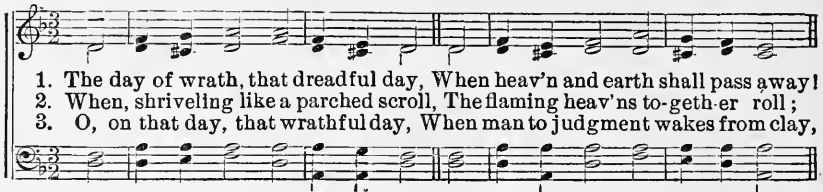
1. THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
2. Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
3. O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress.
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
4. Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shall come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
5. Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure. *Chas. Wesley.*

THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

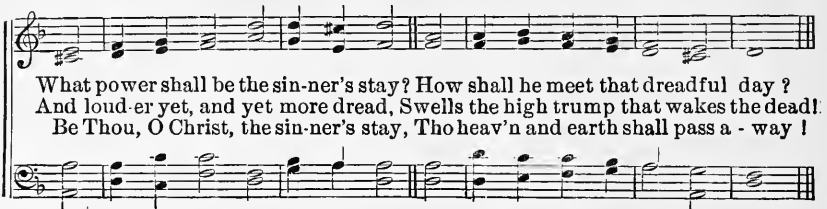
374 WINDHAM. L. M.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DANIEL READ.




1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
 2. When, shriveling like a parched scroll, The flaming heav'ns to-gether roll;
 3. O, on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,



What power shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
 And loud-er yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
 Be Thou, O Christ, the sin-ner's stay, Tho heav'n and earth shall pass a - way!

375 BREST. 8, 7, 4.

LOWELL MASON.



Day of judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, Louder than a
 thousand thunders, How the summons
 Shakes the vast creation round; Will the sinner's heart confound!

Day of judgment.

1. DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders.
 Shakes the vast creation round.
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
2. See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine;"
 Glorious Savior,
 Own me in that day for thine!

3. At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his voice, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?
4. But to those who have confessed
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You forever
 Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

376

PETERBORO. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

REV. RALPH HARRISON.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' ap - pointed hour makes haste,
 2. Je - sus, thou Source of all my joys, Thou Rul - er of my heart,
 3. The thun - der of that aw - ful word Would so tor - ment my ear,
 4. What! to be banished from my Lord, And yet for - bid to die!
 5. O wretched state of deep de - spair, To see my God re - move,

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
 How could I bear to hear thy voice Pro - nounce the word, "De - part!"
 'Twould tear my soul a - sun - der, Lord, With most tor - ment - ing fear.
 To lin - ger in e - ter - nal pain, And death for - ev - er fly!
 And fix my dole - ful sta - tion where I must not taste his love!

377

The final answer.

1. AND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?
2. Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.
3. How careful, then, ought I to live,
 With what religious fear!
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behavior here.
4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,—
 To all I speak or do.
5. If now Thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel Thee near;

And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear. *Charles Wesley.*

378

The coming Judge.

1. HE comes! He comes! the Judge
 severe!
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
 How welcome to the faithful soul!
2. From heaven angelic voices sound;
 See the almighty Jesus crowned,
 Girt with omnipotence and grace!
 And glory decks the Savior's face.
3. Descending on his great white throne
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.
4. Shout, all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 Forever and forever reigns.

Charles Wesley.

HEAVEN.

379

VARINA. C. M. D.

ARR. BY G. F. ROOT.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; [abides,
In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. There everlasting spring
And never-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

Land of pure delight.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling
Stand dressed in living green; [flood
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-
Those gloomy doubts that rise, [move,
And see the Canaan that we love.
With unclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore. [flood,
Isaac Watts.

380

The city of God.

1. JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee!

- Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
2. There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin nor sorrow know: [bloom,
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes,
Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.
J. Montgomery.

Doxology.

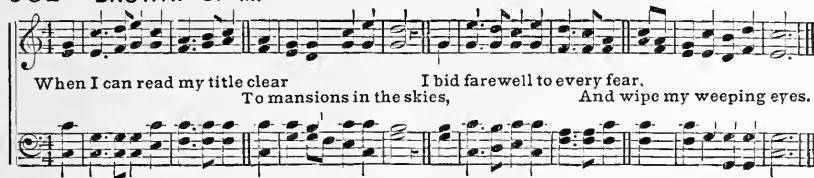
- THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath:
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.
Isaac Watts.

HEAVEN.

381

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



When I can read my title clear I bid farewell to every fear,
To mansions in the skies, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Assurance.

1. WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul en-
And fiery darts be hurled, [gage,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

5. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6. Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

383

Within the veil.

382

The promised Canaan.

1. ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
3. O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
4. No chilling winds or poisonous
Can reach that healthful shore; [breath
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

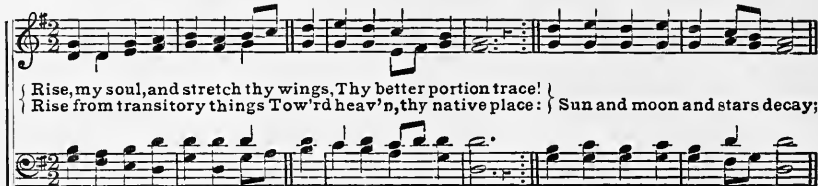
1. GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
2. Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory
They, with united breath, [came:
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
4. They marked the footsteps that he
His zeal inspired their breast: [trod;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our
For his own pattern given; [praise
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

HEAVEN.

384 AMSTERDAM. 7. 6 7.

J. NARES.



{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace! }
{ Rise from transitory things Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place: } Sun and moon and stars decay;



Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a-bove.

The better portion.

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

Robert Seagrave.

385

[Tune, Tappan, Hymn 86.]
Rest in heaven.

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.
3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal
And joys supreme are given; [bloom,
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan.

HEAVEN.

386

GOING HOME. L. M.

ARR. BY REV. WILLIAM McDONALD.

My heav'nly home is bright and fair: Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;

That heav'nly mansion { I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more; }
[shall be mine.} To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more. }

My heavenly home.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3. While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5. Then fall the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter.

387

[Tune, Varina, C. M. d., Hymn 379.]
The blessed hope.

1. How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my
I seek my place in heaven; [place,
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2. O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3. O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

Charles Wesley

HEAVEN.

388 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer-vently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Come ye disconsolate.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven
cannot cure."

3. Here see the bread of life, see waters
flowing,
Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can
remove.

Thomas Moore.

389 FUNERAL HYMN.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

Slow.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath re-called thee In thy youth-ful bloom;
2. Gone, gone, gone to thy tomb; But tis not cheerless, Hope dispels its gloom;
3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its pleasures, But 'twas not thy rest:

Death's i - cy fin - gers Rest up-on thee now; Still beauty lin - gers On thy pal-lid brow.
While we are weeping O'er the hallow'd ground, Thou art but sleeping Till the trump shall
[sound]
Sin and temp-tation Were thy sorrow here, Then full sal-va-tion Is thy portion there.

THANKSGIVING.

390

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Sing to the great Je - ho - vah's praise; All praise to him be-longs;
 2. His prov-i-dence hath brought us through An-oth - er var - ious year;
 3. Fa - ther, thy mer - cies past we own, Thy still con-tin - ued care;
 4. Our lips and lives shall glad - ly show The won - ders of thy love,
 5. Our res - i - due of days or hours Thine, whol - ly thine, shall be;
 6. Till Je - sus in the clouds ap-pear To saints on - earth for-given,

Who kindly length - ens out our days, De-mands our choic-est songs:
 We all, with vows and an - thems new, Be-fore our God ap-pear.
 To Thee pre-sent - ing, through thy Son, Whate'er we have or are.
 While on in Je - sus' steps we go To seek thy face a - bove.
 And all our con - se - cra - ted powers A sac - ri - fice to Thee:
 And bring the grand Sab - bat - ic year, The ju - bi - lee of heav'n.

391

Thine is the harvest.

1. LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
 And Thou hast sworn to hear;
 Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
 The fresh and fading year.
2. Our hope, when autumn winds blew
 We trusted Lord, with Thee; [wild.
 And still, now spring has on us smiled
 We wait on thy decree.
3. The former and the latter rain,
 The summer sun and air,
 The green ear, and the golden grain,
 All thine, are ours by prayer.
4. Thine, too, by right, and ours by
 The wondrous growth unseen, [grace,
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that
 The love that shines serene. [brace,

John Keble.

392

I will offer praise.

1. WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his mercy's store?

I'll take the gifts he hath bestowed,
 And humbly ask for more.

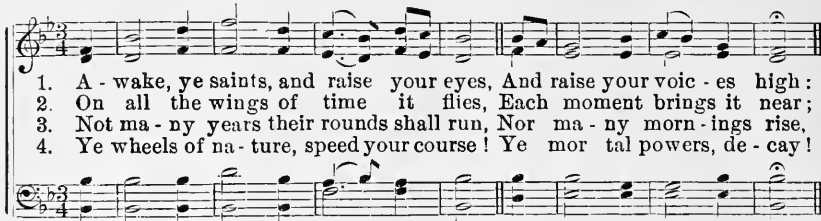
2. My vows I will to his great name
 Before his people pay,
 And all I have, and all I am,
 Upon his altar lay.
3. Thy lawful servant, Lord I owe
 To Thee whate'er is mine;
 Born in thy family below,
 And by redemption thine.
4. The God of all-redeeming grace,
 My God I will proclaim,
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,
 And call upon his name.
5. Praise him, ye saints, the God of love
 Who hath my sins forgiven,
 Till, gathered in the Church above,
 We sing the songs of heaven.

Samuel Wesley

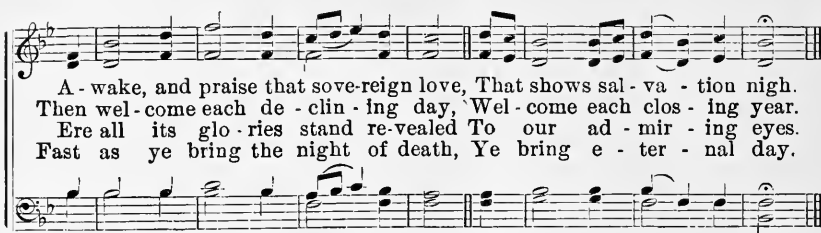
WATCH NIGHT.

393 CADD0. C. M.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voic - es high :
2. On all the wings of time it flies, Each moment brings it near ;
3. Not ma - ny years their rounds shall run, Nor ma - ny morn - ings rise,
4. Ye wheels of na - ture, speed your course ! Ye mor - tal powers, de - cay !



A - wake, and praise that sove - reign love, That shows sal - va - tion nigh.
Then wel - come each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year.
Ere all its glo - ries stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.
Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day.

- 394 *The newborn year.*
1. THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears ;
With all its bright and gladdening
With all its mourners' tears. [smiles.]
 2. Thy thankful people praise Thee,
For countless gifts received ; [Lord.
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.
 3. To Thee we come, O gracious Lord.
The newborn year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness.
 4. Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain ;
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.
 5. O Father, let thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
With angel hosts above.

From the Latin. Tr. by F. Pott.

- 395 *The covenant renewed.*
1. COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
 2. Give up ourselves, through Jesus'
His name to glorify ; [power,
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
 3. The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
 4. We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.
 5. To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

THE NATION.

396

AMERICA. 6. 4.

THOMAS CAREY.

My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

397

My country.

1. My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
2. My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

398

[Tune, Caddo, C. M., Hymn 393.]
Our native land.

1. LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
2. Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
3. Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
4. Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford.

Doxology.

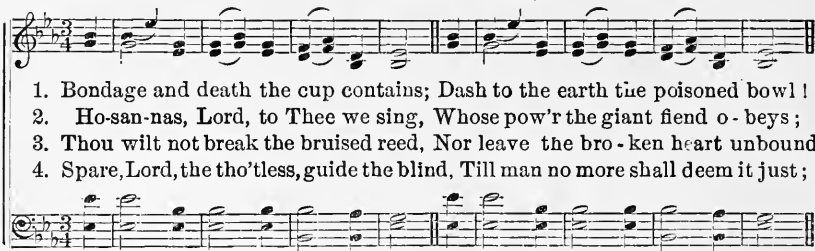
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven!

Edwin F. Hatfield.

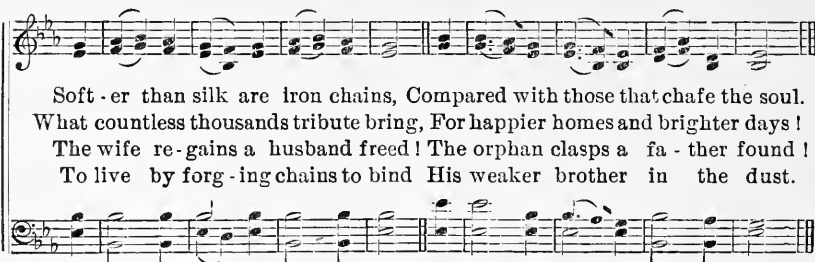
TEMPERANCE.

399 GRATITUDE. L. M. LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

REV. AMI BOST, ARR. BY THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Bondage and death the cup contains; Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !
2. Ho-san-nas, Lord, to Thee we sing, Whose pow'r the giant fiend o-beys ;
3. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed, Nor leave the bro-ken heart unbound
4. Spare, Lord, the tho'tless, guide the blind, Till man no more shall deem it just ;



Soft-er than silk are iron chains, Compared with those that chafe the soul.
What countless thousands tribute bring, For happier homes and brighter days !
The wife re-gains a husband freed ! The orphan clasps a fa-ther found !
To live by forg-ing chains to bind His weaker brother in the dust.

400

The poisoned bowl.

1. Look not upon the ruby wine,
That sparkles with its witching light;
Tho' bright its gleaming bubbles shine,
It leads to sorrow, gloom and night.

2. The mirth shall end, the joy be past,
And hushed the notes of those who sing ;
And then shall come to thee at last,
The serpent's bite, the adder's sting.

3. Then look not on the poisoned bowl,
But from the path of danger flee,
Lest thou shalt sink, a ruined soul,
And angels shall lament for thee.

H.

401

Set the captive free.

1. Oh, WORN with griefs and pains and
fears,
Heart-broken, fr'endless, far from
home,

Black with the guilt of squandered years,
To Christ, the sinner's refuge, come.

2. His power divine can make thee
whole,
Lift up to him thy tearful eyes ;
His grace can save the sinful soul,
No contrite heart will he despise.

3. O Christ, whose mercies never fail,
Pity the lost who wait for Thee ;
Hear Thou their deep, unuttered wail,
Oh, break the chains and set them
free.

4. Ten thousand hands, ten thousand
eyes,
Are lifted to thy gracious throne ;
Ten thousand voices raise their cries,
Ten thousand hearts in anguish groan.

5. Conqueror of sin and death and hell,
Set Thou the captive sinner free ;
Then we to endless years will tell
The story of thy victory. H.

TEMPERANCE.

402 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youth-ful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fear-ful reign, And the de-lud-ed throng.

Mourning for the slain.

2. Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright dia-
Where God had bid it shine. [dem.]
3. Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4. Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
5. Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Unknown.

403 ROSEFIELD. 7. 61.

H. A. C. MALAN.

1. Look not on the wine-cup bright, Flash-ing in its pur-ple light,
Lift not thou the gob-let high, With the sons of rev-el-ry;
Ru-in yet that draught shall bring, Deadly as the ad-der's sting.

Look not upon wine.

2. Who hath sorrow, who hath woe?
Who despair's dark night shall know?
Who, like those on ocean tossed,
Mourn the calm forever lost?
Who, midst want unpitied pine?
They that tarry at the wine
- 3 Darkly on their downward way,
Sets their sun while yet 'tis day:
Wasted years, a gloomy train,

- Time that warned, but warned in vain,
Thus denounce their fearful doom—
"Haste to an untimely tomb!"
4. Thou who once in Israel's day,
Mad'st the fiery plague to stay;
Thou, who on the raging sea,
Calm'dst thy wave, O Galilee!
Now, as then, deliverance bring,
Those in wild waves perishing!

Unknown.

TEMPERANCE.

404 BELMONT. C. M.
EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. 'Tis thine a-lone, al-might-y Name, To raise the dead to life,
2. What ru-in bath intemperance wrought How wide-ly roll its waves!
3. And see, O Lord, what num-bers still Are mad-dened by the bowl,
4. Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King, And break the gall-ing chain;
5. The cause of temperance is thine own, Our plans and ef-forts bless;

The lost in-e-briate to re-claim From pas-sion's fear-ful strife.
How man-y myr-iads hath it brought To fill dis-hon-ored graves!
Led cap-tive at the ty-rant's will In bond-age, heart and soul.
De-liverance to the cap-tive bring, And end the usurper's reign.
We trust, O Lord, in Thee a-lone To crown them with suc-cess.

405 *By grace restored.*

1. LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis thine alone to give;
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

2. Life from the dead! For those we
Fast bound in passion's chain, [plead
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

3. Life from the dead! Quickened by
Be all their powers inclined [Thee,
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.

4. And may they by thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

Unknown.

406 *Thy neighbor.*

1. Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2. Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3. Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4. Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by:
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

William B. O. Peabody.

REVIVALS.

407 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

S: CHORUS.

1. Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. Hap-py

Fine. D. S.

day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day!

O happy day.

2. Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his altar now I move.
3. 'Tis done—the great transaction's done
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4. Now rest—my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge.

408 ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS. S, 7.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

Fine.

1. We may spread our couch with roses, And sleep thro' the summer day; But the soul that in sloth re-poses Is not in the nar-row way. D.C. For the roy-al way to heav-en Is the roy-al way of the cross.

D. C.

If we fol-low the chart he has giv-en We need not be at a loss,

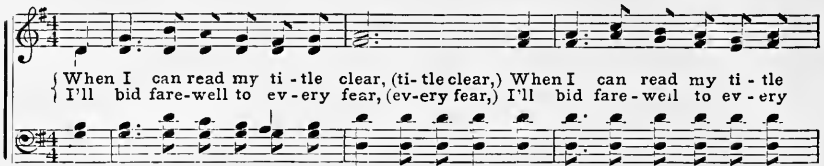
2. To the one who is reared in splendor
The cross is a heavy load,
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road;
But the chains of the soul must be riven
And wealth must be as dross,
For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

3. We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day,
And still with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they follo'd their Master to heaven,
By the royal way of the cross?

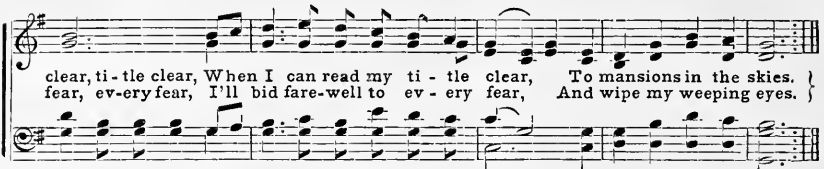
REVIVALS.

409 TITLE CLEAR.

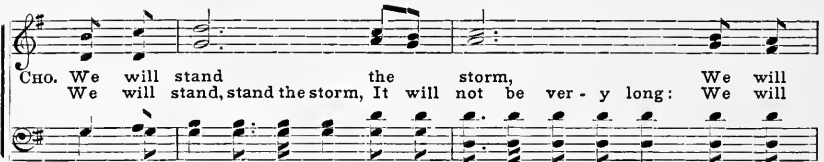
FREEDMEN'S MELODY ARR. BY T. C. O'KANE.



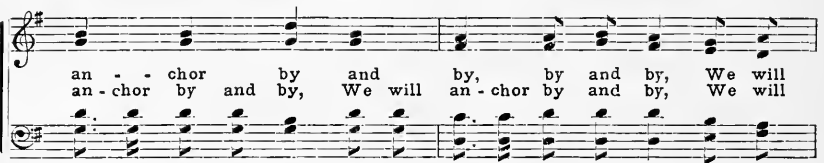
{ When I can read my ti - tle clear, (ti - tle clear,) When I can read my ti - tle
I'll bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, (ev - ery fear,) I'll bid fare-well to ev - ery



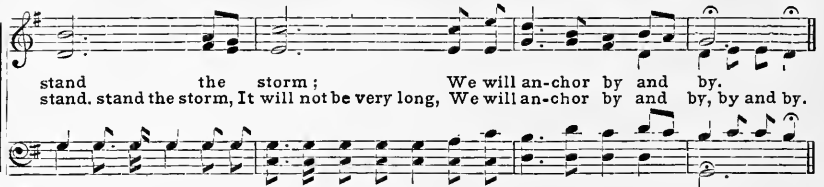
clear, ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies. }
fear, ev - ery fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. }



CHO. We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long: We will



an - chor by and by, We will by, by and by, We will
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will



stand the storm; We will an - chor by and by.
stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—

So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

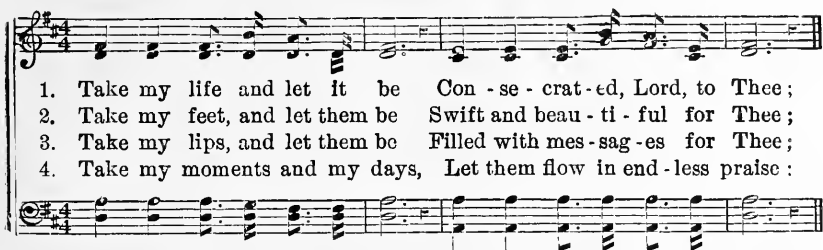
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

REVIVALS.

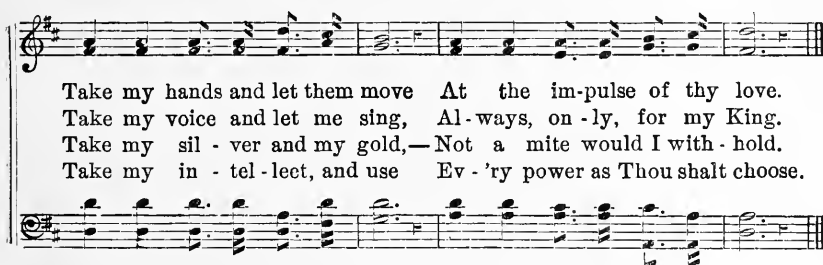
410

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

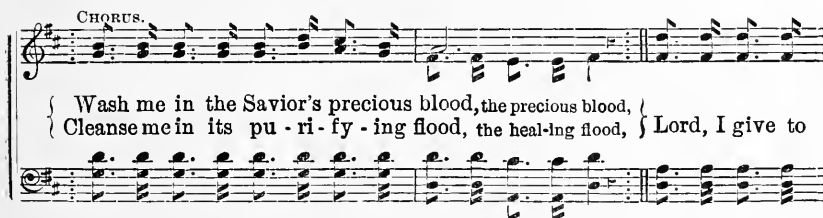
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee ;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee ;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee ;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise :

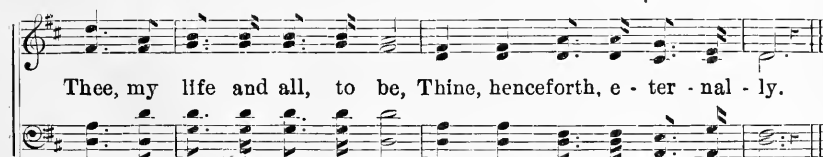


Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as Thou shalt choose.



CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, the precious blood, {
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood, } Lord, I give to



Thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

5. Take my will, and make it thine ;
 It shall be no longer mine ;
 Take my heart, — it is thine own, —
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6. Take my love, — my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store !
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee !

Francis Ridley Havergal.

REVIVALS.

411 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

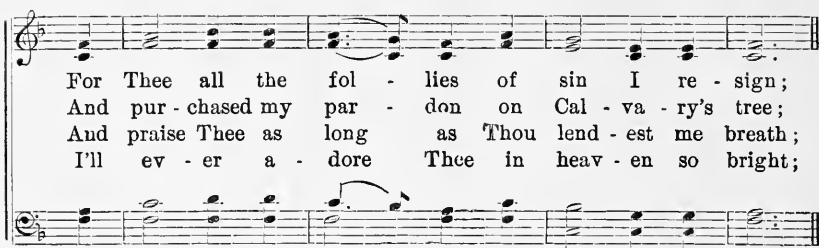
"Whom having not seen, ye love." I Pet. i: 8.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

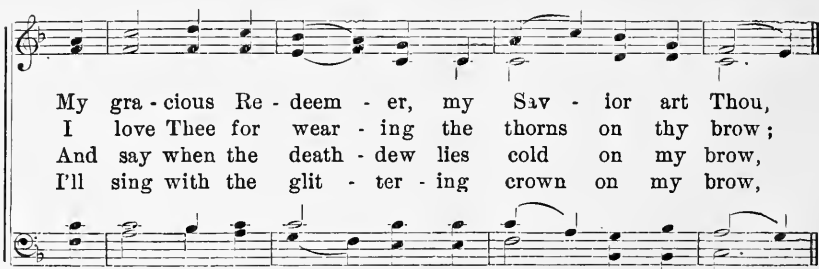
A. J. GORDON.




1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

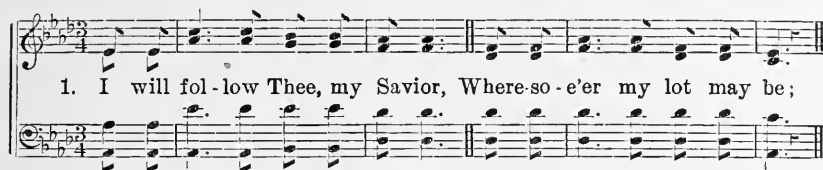


If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

REVIVALS.

412 I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8. 7.
J. L. E.

JAS. L. ELGINBURG, C. W.

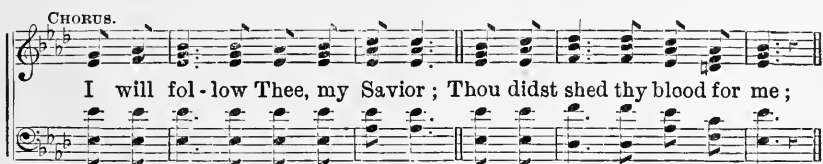


1. I will fol-low Thee, my Savior, Where-so-e'er my lot may be;



Where Thou go-est I will fol-low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low Thee.

CHORUS.



I will fol-low Thee, my Savior; Thou didst shed thy blood for me;



And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By thy grace I'll fol-low Thee.

2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny,
Trackless as the foaming sea,
Thou hast trod this way before me,
And I gladly follow Thee.

3. Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be,
If thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow Thee.

4. Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be,
I remember Thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow Thee.

5. Tho' Thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow Thee.

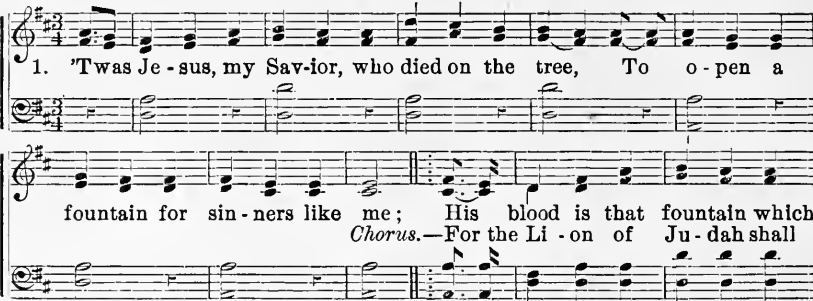
6. Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, Thou ledest me,
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still will follow Thee.

CHO.—I will follow Thee, my Savior,
Thou didst shed thy blood for me,
And tho' all men should forsake Thee,
By thy grace, I'll follow Thee.

REVIVALS.

413 LION OF JUDAH.

ARR. BY HENRY TUCKER.



1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav-ior, who died on the tree, To o - pen a
fountain for sin - ners like me; His blood is that fountain which
Chorus.—For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall

Tenor and Bass in the repeat only.

par - don be - stows, And cleanses the foul - est wher - ev - er it flows.
break ev - ery chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.


2. And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, His love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquer-
ing band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.—CHO.

3. And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at His feet and His mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.—CHO.

414 REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

REFRAIN. *1st.* Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; *2d.* Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

2. We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stair.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Revive us again, fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

REVIVALS.

415 ONLY TRUST HIM. J. H. S.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him with-
 4. Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.
 give you rest, By trusting in his word. On ly trust him, on - ly trust him,
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. *Second chorus:—*
 out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,
 lestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Only trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
 Come to Jesus now;

416 WHO'LL STAND UP FOR JESUS? L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1st. 2d. Fine.
 { 1. Oh, who'll stand up for Je - sus, The low - ly Naz - a - rene? . . . hosts of . . . sin? }
 { And raise the blood - stained banner, A - mid the . . . }
 D. C. All hail reproach or sor - row, If Je - sus . . . leads me there.

Chorus. D. C. S.
 The Cross for Christ I'll cher - ish, It's cru - ci - fix - ion bear;

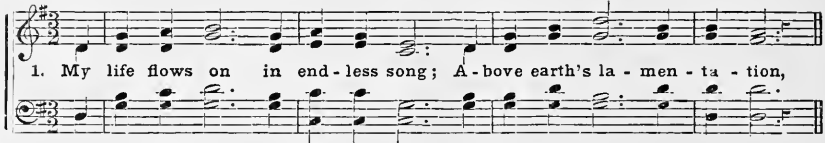
2. O who will follow Jesus,
 Amid reproach and shame?
 Where others shrink or falter,
 Who'll glory in his name?
3. Though fierce may rage the battle,
 And wild the storm may blow,

- Though friends may go forever,
 Who will with Jesus go?
 4. My all to Christ I've given,
 My talents, time, and voice,
 Myself, my reputation,
 The lone way is my choice.

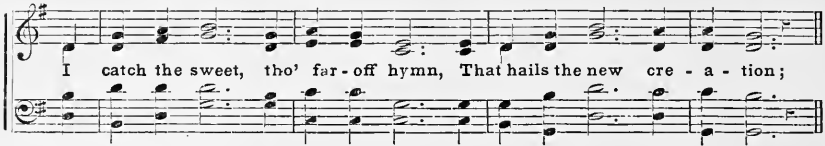
REVIVALS.

417 HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

REV. R. LOWRY.

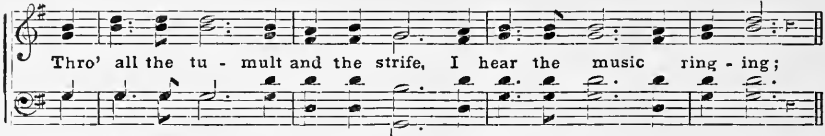


1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's la-men-ta-tion,




I catch the sweet, tho' far-off hymn, That hails the new cre-a-tion;

Repeat for Chorus.



Thro' all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear the music ring-ing;



It finds an ech-o in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?

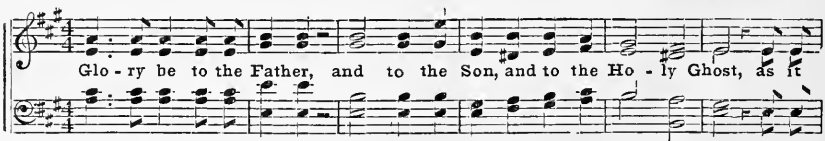
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Savior liveth;
What tho' the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth;
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to this refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing.

3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

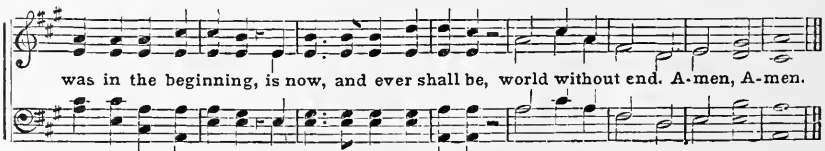
CHANTS.

418 GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, as it



was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

CHANTS.

419 MY GOD, MY FATHER.

ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE.



Thy will be done!

1. My God, my Father, *while* I stray
Far from my home on *life's* rough way,
O teach me from my *heart* to say,
Thy will be done!

2. Though dark my path and *sad* my lot,
Let me be still and *murmur* not,
And breathe the prayer *divinely* taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3. What though in lonely *grief* I sigh
For friends beloved, no *longer* nigh!
Submissive still would *I* reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4. Though Thou hast called me *to* resign
What most I prized, it *ne'er* was mine;
I have but yielded *what* was thine;
Thy will be done.

5. Let but my fainting *heart* be blest
With thy sweet Spirit *for* its guest,
My God, to Thee I *leave* the rest:
Thy will be done!

6. Renew my will from *day* to day;
Blend it with thine, and *take* away
All that now makes it *hard* to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

420 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. T. DOWNES.



Matthew vi: 9-13.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come: thy will
be done on | earth as it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread: || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive |
those who | trespass a- | gainst us.

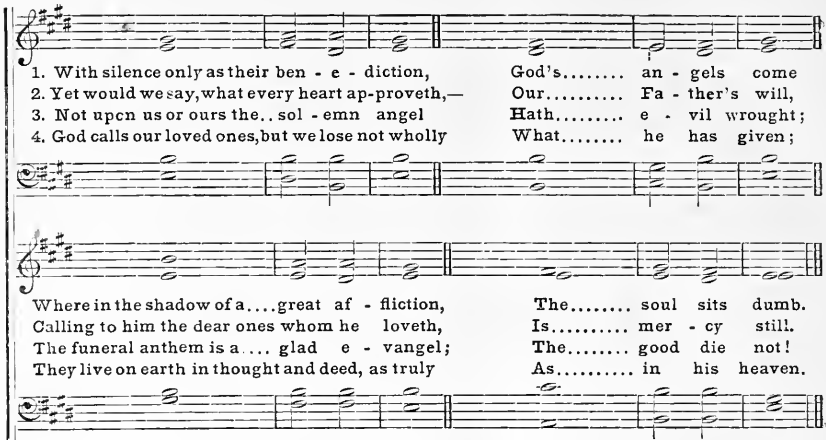
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: || for thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

CHANTS.

421 THE GOOD DIE NOT.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

W. L. REYNOLDS.



1. With silence only as their ben - e - diction, God's..... an - gels come
 2. Yet would we say, what every heart ap-proveth,— Our..... Fa - ther's will,
 3. Not upcn us or ours the . sol - emn angel Hath..... e - vil wrought;
 4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly What..... he has given;

Where in the shadow of a . . . great af - fliction, The..... soul sits dumb.
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth, Is..... mer - cy still.
 The funeral anthem is a . . . glad e - vangeli; The..... good die not!
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly As..... in his heaven.

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